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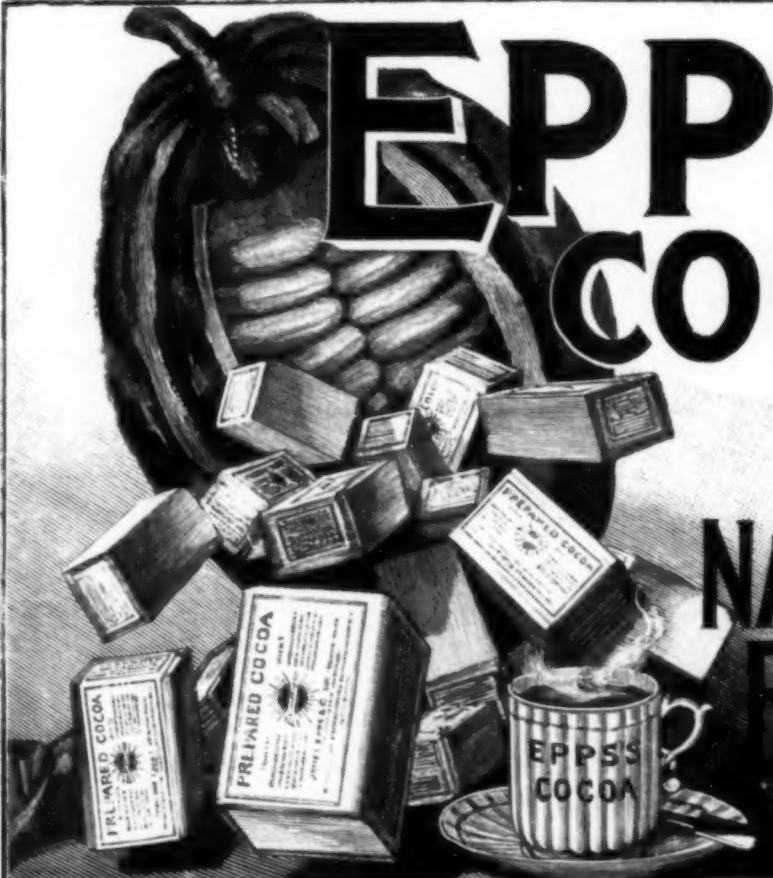
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SIXPENCE

# THE LUDGATE



THE LUDGATE



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# A Tragic Experiment

WRITTEN BY H. PARK BOWDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. BACON



"H A—AHA!"

The hearty, masculine laugh from the adjoining room made the girl start in her light slumber—for girl she still was in years, though a wedding-ring gleamed on one slender hand, while the other infolded the wee, bare foot of the sleeping infant at her side.

Another hilarious outburst, and she opened her eyes with a deep-drawn sigh. For some minutes she lay quite still, listening to the two voices in the next room. One was her husband's, speaking in quick, nervous jerks, as was his wont when excited; the other, which was characterised by a certain racy buoyancy, was strange to her ears.

"Another of his medical friends," she thought, her straight, delicate brows contracting. For she felt instinctively that his fellow-students, all, more or less, held the opinion that Herman Churchill had committed the height of folly in hampering himself with a penniless wife, when he had barely wherewithal to support himself.

And this distressing conviction was ever attended by a still more distressing presentiment that, sooner or later, he would himself become imbued with their opinion—would rue the day when he had set love above ambition. Already a reserved constraint was beginning to mark his manner towards her.

O why, she asked herself sadly, why did she ever let her heart be swayed by his passionate protest: "If you let your uncle marry—or, rather, sell you to that old reprobate—you will ruin your own life and mine. I don't care a jot for success unless I can share it with you—my wife!"

And yet, remembering the flood of tenderness that had overflowed her soul as she listened to that sudden caressing

cadence in his vehement voice, she could not but feel that love would again prove all-prevailing, could she re-live that fateful hour in the peaceful, old mausoleum garden.

"O baby, if I could only help him, could only do something to prove my love—and strengthen his!" she murmured, pressing her cheek to the little dark head beside her.

Then she gently loosened the grasp of the tiny, pink fingers that had closed on the girdle of her robe, and quietly rose from the bed. Going to a quaintly-framed old mirror, she arranged her short, ruffled curls, which, being fair and soft as floss silk, formed a sort of aureole about her small, well-shaped head. The extreme paleness of her complexion strikingly intensified the clear, rich colouring of her eyes—

Deep and Dark,  
Solemn and true,  
Pansy eyes  
Of the noblest blue.

Presently she moved to the arched, ornate window, and stepped out on the balcony—one of those marvels of carved woodwork that beautify the streets of Lahore; and resting her arms on the latticed parapet, she looked listlessly down on the narrow Oriental street that she had thought so quaint and picturesque when first she came here after her runaway marriage.

Three rooms over a lapidary's shop! It had sorely vexed the poor but proud medical student that he should have no better home to offer the daintily-nurtured girl. However, by dint of various bargains among the neighbouring bric-à-brac shops, he had made two of the scantily-furnished rooms replete with artistic beauty. The third he reserved as his own special den, where he pursued his medical studies. This room also

opened on to the balcony; and the voices of the two men within came with audible distinctness through the open doorway, near which stood a flowering shrub.

"But just consider, twenty thousand deaths annually from snake-bite—and you question whether my experiment is justifiable!"

The raised excited tones of her husband's voice rang out clearly. With a curiosity bordering on apprehension she moved towards the window listening intently.

"Now don't blaze out like that, old fellow: the thermometer and my nerves forbid it! Since you place such faith in this antitoxin you are naturally bent on making the final test; but I can't say my confidence in its efficacy comes up to yours—I should be sorry indeed to submit myself to cobra virus, as you so coolly talk of doing."

As the good-humoured, pacifying reply fell on her ear, horror blanched her face to an ashy pallor; and she was taking an impulsive step forward to enter the room when she was arrested by his friend putting the question that throbbed in her brain.

"And when do you intend making this experiment on yourself?"

"Not until after the 24th—the anniversary of my wedding-day."

The pause that followed was terribly eloquent to her. Despite the confidence he had evidently professed, he must certainly fear that this horrible experiment, whatever it was, might prove fatal. He would not hazard the chance of that day finding her—a widow. She leant, faint and trembling, against the framework of the door, concealed from their view by the thick foliage of the syringa.

"Aye, what about your wife and child? What would become of them if the worst should happen?"

"They would be well provided for. In that case the Maharajah would settle an annuity of 10,000 rupees on her—more than I could earn for many a year to come if I were to peg on in the ordinary way."

All the chafing bitterness against poverty and obscurity that she knew had

long rankled in his breast, seemed concentrated in that short sentence.

"But if, as is far more likely," he continued quickly, "the test fulfils my expectations, he intends establishing an institution to be devoted to the practice of my discovery."

"Well, he can't do more than that, certainly—unless he would allow the ultra test to be made on his august self!"

"And now, Rutland, I want you to be a witness when I make it."

"Good Heavens, man, don't ask me that! I'd a hundred times rather stand second in the most bloodthirsty duel."

"I am sorry you feel like that about it, for you are the only friend I have, except the fellows at the hospital; and I would rather not take any of them into my confidence. Won't you think better of it and give me your promise?"

"Since you put it in that light, old fellow, I will pocket my scruples rather than leave you in the lurch. And now you are duly inoculated, I suppose there is nothing more to be done until you make this experiment. But where shall you make it—here?"

"Yes, Bedeen, the snake-charmer lives overhead, and he has a cobra among his collection whose poison fangs have not been extracted. In fact, that is one of the reptiles from which I have obtained the virus I've used in immunising the horse—one the Maharajah placed at my service some months back. Of course, you won't mention this to my wife. I haven't breathed a word of it to her," he added, his enthusiastic tone suddenly subdued to one of compunctious constraint.

"So I concluded—else she would have prevailed on you to abandon it."

"Abandon it—never! This is no pet hobby, man; it is the master passion of my life!"

The short, decisive avowal made her shrink as from a blow. Of what use to raise her appeal as wife and mother? Ambition ruled supreme in his breast, and this awful venture of his promised to crown it with honour—promised to raise him above the dead level of struggling poverty. And on the chance



of that promise being fulfilled, he was prepared to stake his life. But did her anguish and desolation count naught?

Stifling the rising sob in her throat, she again bent forward as the stranger's voice broke the silence.

"Well, we must hope that she will soon know of it as an invaluable discovery that will rank her husband with Pasteur and Behring. Inoculation against cobra-bite would be a boon indeed to India and every snake-ridden country. Going? I should say so—I must be at Government House by four o'clock."

There was a movement within the room, a few parting words, and a minute later she saw a soldierly-looking young fellow hurry away down the street.

Her first impulse was to go straight to her husband and beseech him to desist from this horrible experiment. But then there rang through her head those sharp, determinate words: "Abandon it—never!" And a tragic sense of the immutability of his purpose, the utter impotence of any such appeal benumbed her heart.

But the next minute it bounded anew as a sudden, point-blank thought glared upon her brain. For one moment she quailed, then faced it stedfastly, bravely, aye even gladly, as a revelation empowering her to "prove her love and strengthen his."

A look of strong resolve subduing the agitation of her face, she turned and entered the room she had dignified with the name of "laboratory."

He was in his shirt-sleeves bending

over a table littered with bottles, retorts, mortars and various instruments.

He looked round with a start that showed to what a pitch of nervous excitement he had been wrought by his recent discussion. Indeed, the fire of it was still flushing his thin, dark face, still burning in his deep-set, grey eyes.



"DRAWING UP HER LOOSE SLEEVE"

"So you have had your nap, little one—but I am afraid it hasn't done you much good; you look as white as a witch!" he said, taking her face between his hands, and looking down on it with a remorseful intentness, that would have roused her wonderment but for the terrible knowledge she had just gleaned.

"Do I, Herman; I suppose it's the heat," she replied carelessly. "But who

has been with you? I was on the balcony just now and saw him leave."

"O—you mean Captain Rutland. I hope to introduce him to you the next time he calls," he answered, meeting her upraised eyes with an uneasy look. "I would have done so now, had I known you were on the balcony. How long have you been there?"

"Only a minute or two, but long enough to hear that you have made some wonderful discovery that will make cobra-bite harmless. I caught a few words, and then I couldn't resist listening. Why have you never said anything about it to me?" she added, with an assumed touch of pique.

He was silent for half a minute, wondering how much of their conversation she had heard, and casting about in his mind how to answer her so as to divulge nothing of the dangerous nature of his enterprise.

"Because, sweet Inquisitor, I wanted to ascertain that the treatment does indeed confer immunity before I raised your hopes. At present it is doubtful whether it will prove a success or failure."

"And when shall you know?" she asked, keeping her eyes the while on the pestle she was fingering.

"Not until—until someone who has been inoculated happens to be bitten."

She drew her breath quickly.

"Then I suppose you will be anxious to get as many people as possible inoculated?"

At this question a look of relief relaxed the harassed contraction of his dark, heavily-marked brows. Evidently she had only heard their closing remarks.

"Just so. As soon as I have obtained my diploma I must scout for patients," he said, adopting a light tone. And turning away, he applied himself to arranging some bottles on a shelf.

The next minute her hand was laid on his arm.

"Let me be your first patient, Herman; I want you to inoculate me."

"You!" he exclaimed, swinging round and looking at her blankly.

"Yes, me. Preparing is preventing, you know," she said, attempting a smile

that quickly died on her lips. "I suppose it is much the same as being vaccinated?" she added, drawing up her loose sleeve.

"Yes, but not now, Muriel mine—wait until you are stronger." And stooping, he tenderly kissed the rounded softness of her arm, and drew down her sleeve. But she pushed it up again with a show of petulance.

"No, no, you must do it now. I won't be refused!"

He stood irresolute, being, in fact, in an awkward dilemma; knowing as he did that in her state of health she must not be thwarted; and that by the same reason the injection of the serum might be attended by danger. But he quickly perceived there was a middle course open to him: he must practise a little deception.

"You are a very headstrong little woman!" he said, assuming a yielding manner. And going to a side table, he hastily browned some water to the similitude of serum. Then returning to her side, he proceeded to make a subcutaneous injection beneath her milk-white skin.

"Have you had this idea in your mind long?" she asked, as he carefully used the hypodermic syringe.

"About eighteen months or so. You have heard me speak of the Maharajah? Well, he has taken the keenest interest in the subject; and has, I believe, every confidence in my success. He used to come to the hospital to see how a servant of his who had met with an accident was getting on. One morning, Houghton, the head surgeon, introduced me to his Highness, and since then he has often had a chat with me. On one occasion he told me that he had lost his only son through his being bitten by a cobra; and then I was led to tell him how I was bent on this—but you are trembling from head to foot! There's not the least danger in this, my own, else I would not do it for the world!"

If he had but known what was the bitter prevision that was overwhelming her soul—he, a bereaved, grief-stricken man, bending over her lifeless body.

"There, *dearissima*, you have been a

pattern patient," he said, pressing his lips to her cold, damp forehead.

"Will one injection be sufficient?" she asked, with a quivering lip, as she drew down her sleeve.

"Quite sufficient," he answered, not without a twinge of conscience at so imposing on her faith. "And now, my sweet, you had better go and lie down again for a bit with the kiddy. I wonder he hasn't been piping for his mother long before this."

A spasm as of acutest pain contracted her delicate features as he mentioned the child; and without another word she hastened from the room.

"And about what time do you think you will be home, Herman?"

"That will all depend on the Professor's longwindedness; but I daresay I shall be back by seven o'clock."

"Seven, and now it is just four," she said slowly, looking at the little bronze clock with an expression that fairly puzzled him, such shrinking dread did it betray. She had never before taken his leaving her so much to heart. But doubtless, like himself, she had been counting on their spending this red-letter day—the anniversary of their wedding—in close companionship.

"I wish to my heart I were not obliged to leave you, Muriel mine. I am afraid the time will hang heavy on your hands, and I am sure that young Nabob will," noticing with concern how pale and exhausted she looked as she lifted the open-eyed infant from his cradle and held him up for his father to kiss.

Was it the last time she would see him caress the child she had borne him?

The question held her mute.

"Good-bye, sweet wife, I will sheer off home as soon as I possibly can. And after dinner we will go for a quiet stroll together—you don't get out enough, I am sure!"

And drawing wife and child within his arms he tenderly kissed the tiny baby face, and the one that was so strangely pale and wistful,

—Solemn with unutterable thought,  
And love and aspiration.

"O, my baby, is it for the last, the last time?" she moaned, as from the balcony she watched him going down the street, his tall athletic figure dwarfing all those he passed. On reaching the corner he looked back and waved his hand. The next moment he was lost to sight.



"DRAWING WIFE AND CHILD WITHIN HIS ARMS"

The child cooed and stretched his little limbs within her arms, as though to call her attention to himself. How those little inarticulate sounds smote her heart!

Returning to the room she touched a handbell. It was answered by a native girl, the lapidary's daughter, who for a slender wage had gladly undertaken the duties of nurse to the little new-comer.

She at once produced a feeding-bottle from some folds of flannel, for to

Muriel's grief the dearest prerogative of motherhood had been denied her. But now she felt that had it been otherwise she could not have risked a danger that might leave the little one motherless.

Her bosom heaved at the thought, as she laid him in his cradle and placed the mouthpiece between his eager lips.

For some minutes after the ayah had left the room she knelt by his side watching him contentfully absorbing the milk.

At last, with a long quivering breath she rose to her feet, and seating herself at a table she drew some writing materials before her.

But she had not written half-a-dozen lines when the pen dropped from her nerveless fingers, and she bowed her face on her arm in a paroxysm of anguish.

For some while her bitter sobs mingled with the child's gurgling suction, which suddenly gave place to a wailing cry.

In an instant she was bending over the cradle, stifling her grief in order to croon a lullaby. After a time, the little fellow dropped asleep; but his half-closed, azure-gleaming eyes seemed to be keeping an appealing watch on her, while his wee, hot fingers tightly grasped one of hers, as if they strove to withhold her from her dread purpose—strove to bind her to life, and all its sweet obligations.

Her face worked with the conflictive emotions convulsing her heart. But yearningly tender as was her love towards the child, it was an infinitely surpassing love that urged her to take her life in her hands, and, if needs be, lay it down as a saving sacrifice.

The little clock chimed five. She started and shivered.

"One hour gone—Bedeem will be back soon. I must be quick."

But for yet another minute she hung over the cradle, watching, with dry, burning eyes, the little flushed cheek, the moist coral lips, and the tiny dark circlets of hair on his fair baby brow.

Returning to the table, she finished her letter in feverish haste; and having folded and addressed it to her husband, she again rang the bell.

"I want you to sit by baby, Zeziah," she said, when the girl appeared; "and

if my husband returns before I do, give him this."

The girl promised to do so, looking with wonder the while at her mistress's drawn, blanched face.

Not trusting herself to even glance towards the cradle, Muriel left the room, and slowly mounted the narrow, winding stairs that led to the house-top, where she knew Bedeen was wont to let his snakes bask during the sunny hours. He only exhibited his craft in the morning, so she could count on finding the reptiles at home—and the man himself absent; for, business over, it was his habit to seek the pleasures of the café over the way.

Another minute, and she stood on the broad, parapeted space, in a flood of amber sunshine. Shading her eyes, she looked shrinkingly around, drawing her breath sharply as her gaze encountered two closely-wired cages—one containing a large cobra-de-capello, the other a number of rat-snakes.

And now the manifold coils of the cobra stirred, and, rearing its head, it fixed a pair of small glittering eyes on her.

She stood still as a statue, her gaze held in horrible fascination; and despite the warmth of the sunshine, an icy numbness seized her limbs and gripped her heart.

Averting her eyes with an effort, she looked away at the golden dome of a distant mosque, above which a flock of white pigeons were softly hovering. The fair, peaceful sight stilled, in a measure, the panic in her breast, and turning, she moved slowly over the well-worn tiles towards the deadly reptile.

It was still rearing its head in watchful alertness, and as she drew near, it expanded its hood, and darted out a slender, forked tongue.

She shrank back a pace, intertwining her fingers in an agony of repugnance. Had it been a poisoned potion she must drink, she would not have flinched; but to meet death in this form, to let those venomous fangs fasten in her flesh—what wonder that every nerve quivered, every instinct recoiled.

She closed her eyes and bowed her



head in agonised prayer. But the next minute the twanging of a vina and a man's strong, gay voice rose distractingly from the street below.

Her hands dropped from her damp, white face, and with a quick movement she stepped to the cage and thrust her fingers between the wires.

At first the enraged cobra swayed its head from side to side, emitting at the same time a low, threatening noise. Suddenly the movement was suspended, the head being held in erect fixity. Then, swift as a lance, it darted forward.

• • • • •

"I hope nothing ails her. It's seldom she fails to be on the lookout for me—though, to be sure, I'm more than an hour late," said Herman Churchill to himself, as he sent an eager look ahead to the carved wooden balcony from which his fair young wife had so often smiled a welcome on him.

It was long since he had returned home with so light a step, for the grim danger that had clouded his ambitious hopes had been summarily swept aside by the most signal success. On reaching the Mayo Hospital that afternoon he had found that a cobra-bitten field labourer had just been admitted. In preparation for such an accident Churchill had for some time past provided himself with a phial of the immunised serum; and now, as the man was evidently beyond ordinary treatment, the doctors consented to try this new remedy. The serum was accordingly injected, and speedily manifested its antagonising

power to the anxious eyes of the medical watchers.

Their warm congratulations when the patient's recovery was ensured still rung in the young fellow's ears, adding to his eagerness to impart this long hoped-for



"INTERTWINING HER FINGERS IN AN AGONY OF REPUGNANCE"

success to his wife. With no longer a compunctious reluctance to meet her earnest gaze, he hastened on into the house, and up the stairs to their sitting-room.

The ayah was pacing the room, the baby in her arms, and a troubled look on her swarthy face.



In reply to his anxious inquiries after his wife she said that she thought her mistress had gone out, and handed him the note she had left for him.

Tearing it open he eagerly scanned the unevenly written, incoherently worded message:

"Forgive me, Herman, my husband, if I have done wrong, but I cannot let you risk it. I overheard more than you thought the other day when Captain Rutland was with you. I heard how you are bent on making an experiment that may cost you your life—how no appeal of mine could induce you to abandon it.

"To lose you, the love of my life, the father of my child—the fear of it was like a knife in my heart. I felt as if I should lose my reason, until I saw that I need not stand helplessly by; I could step between you and danger—could test your discovery on myself.

"And so I persuaded you to inoculate me. If it should fail I would infinitely rather die for you, my Herman, than live without you. My whole being is bound up in yours.

"When I have written this I am going up on the roof. I know Bedeen keeps his cobra there——"

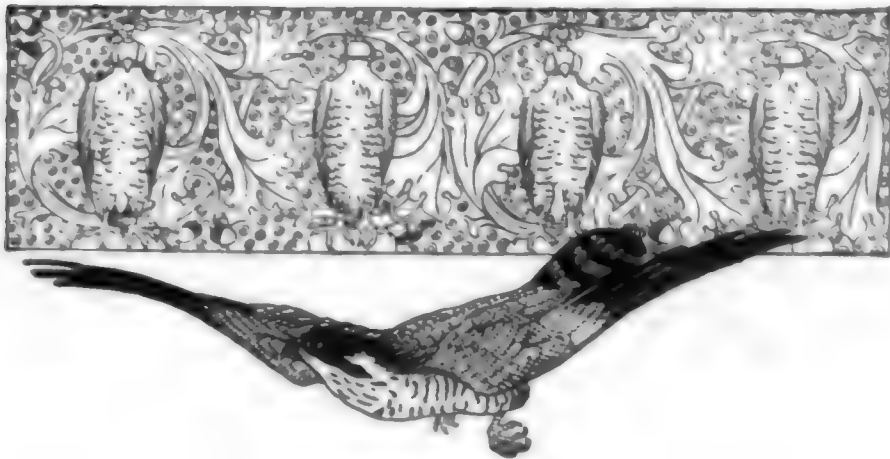
He waited to read no further, but still grasping the letter dashed from the room, up the stairs, and out on the house-top.

And there the dreaded sight confronted his starting eyes.

She lay stretched, quiet and motionless, close by the cobra's cage, her deathly white face turned up to the sunset glow—that was powerless to soften its frozen look of horror.

With an agonised groan he caught hold of her rigid hands and closely examined them. But the small, red punctures he dreaded to see were nowhere visible. Then, as he marked the absence of any symptom of poisoning, it dawned on his frenzied brain that a Heaven-sent swoon had timely prevented her self-sacrifice; and he caught her to his breast in a passion of thankful joy.

A tremor of limb and quiver of eyelid told him that consciousness was returning to her, and the next minute their eyes were meeting once more in perfected love.





EAST FARLEIGH FROM THE STATION

## *How I Went Hopping*

WRITTEN, AND ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR  
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

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**I**T was pouring in torrents as I emerged from the train on to East Farleigh Station platform. The outlook was dispiriting and well calculated to damp the ardour even of an enthusiastic amateur hopper. The valley of the Medway, which winds round the foot of the hill and laps the foundations of the quaint railway station, was hidden in mist, and the water came down in sheets, which swept the platform and made all Nature steam.

I shouldered my neatly-tied bundle, and after a steady climb reached the "Bull," and even in that deluge paused to admire my surroundings. It would indeed be difficult to find a quainter inn or a more picturesque situation. On the right a long, low, lath-and-plaster-built caravanserai, on the left a picturesque

church. Midway between the two a clump of fine old trees with spreading branches and gnarled trunks. Behind rise the hop gardens, reaching up the hill-side, while in front is a sea of mist, which gives the vague promise of a glorious view if ever the deluge gives over.

Having thus reconnoitred, I entered the inn, and by dint of much shoving and the exchange of personalities more exuberant than polite, succeeded in reaching the bar, and endeavoured to draw out my fellow-creatures with a view to finding an engagement.

My efforts were not very successful. The majority of the company were too far gone in beer to converse except in oaths, and the few comparatively sober ones did not hold out a very hopeful



prospect for me. "Doan't want no bloomin' 'ands in our company," said one dirty Whitechapelite. "It's all we can do ter make it wuth while ter sub once a week. Sivin bushels a shillin' we've got ter pick, and the bloomin' 'ops is that small, yer wants a teliscope ter find 'em." "Tell yer wot," shouted a comfortable-looking virago in accents decidedly thick: "I think there's a pole-puller wanted in Ginger Joe's gang. Yer might try 'im." "Garn," exclaimed a younger woman, whose tousled hair dripped rain-drops over the puling baby she carried in her arms; "Ginger won't work with strangers; that ain't no bloom-in' good. 'E'd better go and see Uncle Ned." Then, turning to me, she continued, "Go up ter the orffis and see the guvner. Arsk for Mr. Brookes. There's a lot of 'em, an' they're all all right, they is. I know some of the new companies is short-anded. They'll take yer on at the orffis immejiate."

Having edged my way through the steaming crowd which packed the bar, I found my way to the bailiff's office, from which the destinies of Ellis's Farm are governed. The farm in question is the biggest of its kind in Mid-Kent. Indeed, I question whether it is not the biggest in the county. On this estate there are more than 400 acres under hops. The gardens are owned by a lady, whose business man and manager is Mr. Brookes—and a very capable and surprisingly energetic manager he is, as I soon had opportunities of learning. I was looked up and down, passed over to one of the "King's" lieutenants, and by him sent to an underling, who in due course led me out and presented me to Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes, of East Farleigh, is no relation to his pseudonym of New York. He is an old policeman, having served his time in the county force; and, with his training and experience, he is the right man in the right place, his post being that of overseer, or officer in charge of the hoppers at Ellis's. And as there were this year close on eleven hundred of these, drawn for the most part from the scum of humanity, it will be understood that Mr. Barnes had his hands pretty full. There are 134 hopper-houses

at Ellis's, all told, one being very much like another. The rooms are all on the ground floor, and measure about 14 feet square. The door is fitted with a lock and key, and there is a good-sized window—which is, however, not glazed,

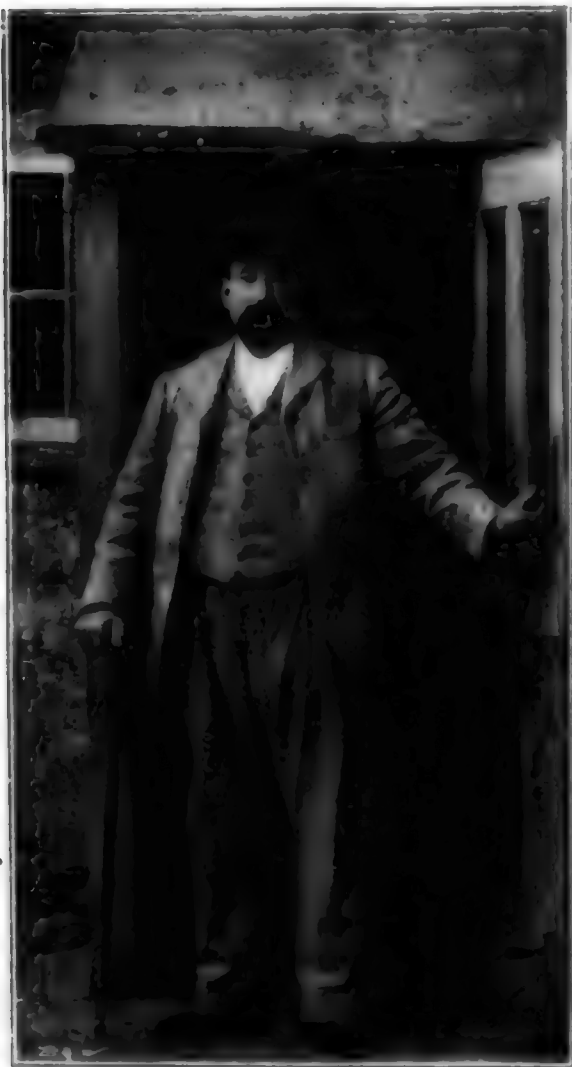


OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

but closes at night with a strong shutter. Mr. Barnes has the supervision of all these, and he also sees to the giving-out of straw and faggots—the former *ad libitum* twice a week, the latter in proportion of two faggots for each "house" every evening. It is he who goes the rounds at night and sees lights out; he deals with difficulties, quells disturbances, sees to the sick, sends for the doctor if required, and calls in the police when their presence is needed.

Having been handed over to this redoubtable individual, whose bearded face and stalwart form portray a man

not to be trifled with, I am given a little information and advice. I am told that I am to consider myself a member of No. 97 Company, whose hotel is hopper-house No. 13. I am instructed as to the water supply—which I found ample



THE KING OF THE HOPPERS

throughout my stay—and informed that the current rate of pay is seven bushels for a shilling. I am then told that the picking is over for the day, but that I had better get down to my hopper-house and chum up with my company, and be ready to make the acquaintance of the tallyman in the field at six in the morning.

So I shouldered the red-cotton handkerchief, which contained my worldly goods, and went down the road to near the Bridge, where I duly found No. 13, and proceeded to introduce myself to

my bedfellows. My chums turned out to be a cabman out of work who goes hopping every year, a newspaper vendor who plies his trade in Oxford Street, his wife and little boy, and a lad about whom I know nothing, but who proved to be a very decent and tractable chap. The interior of the hopper-house was cleanly whitewashed, the greater part of the floor being covered with clean straw. The married couple had brought an empty paillasse with them which they had filled, and this made a very passable bed, which they had curtained off from the rest of the room by hanging a shawl from the rafters. The other two apparently used the straw just as it was, and I realised that I should have to follow their example. It was nearly six o'clock by the time I had introduced myself, and preparations were in progress for supper; the cabman's lady, a person long past her prime, well wrinkled and none too clean, busying herself in the peeling of potatoes, while her husband tended a wood fire he had just lit in the shed provided for the purpose which runs along the brick wall opposite. The lady was very graciously inclined towards me, and having asked me what I had for supper, offered, on my replying that I had not provided anything, to let me share with the rest, adding, "Yer needn't pay to-night. I don't spose yer has much money, and yer can stand us a pot afore yer go 'ome."

After four large potatoes and a pint of very fair beer from the inn, I felt that so far as I was concerned, the day was over, so I followed the example of the others and retired to the straw, gratefully accepting the place next the wall which was offered by the cabman. The surroundings were novel. The rain pattered on the roof, our neighbours on either side appeared to be preparing to make a night of it, and already decidedly tipsy were shouting and swearing most horribly. The air reeked of steaming clothes hung up to dry and damp straw; but I was tired out and soon fell asleep, forgetful of everything till I was awake at half-past four by the cabman treading on my stomach in the course of getting into his trousers.

It was a lovely morning. The rain had ceased. The sky had cleared, and I rose, stiff and bruised somewhat from the marks of the nubby bits among the straw; but refreshed and fit. And I went out and had a swim in the river close by, and then hied me to the stall outside the "Bull," where I purchased a huge hunk of bread, and a modicum of margarine with a penn'orth of tea; and then I followed the rest of my company to the field, and we ranged ourselves round a pile of bins; great canvas bags about six feet long by two wide, and as deep, stretched on wooden trestle-like frames, and used for containing the hops picked. The newsvendor with his wife and child occupied one bin, cabby had another, while I shared one, divided down the middle so as to keep our pickings distinct, with the youth.

It takes some little time to discover what a lot of hops are required to fill a bin. We started picking at six, the signal for work being given by the sounding of a horn. Seven o'clock came, and the bottom of my section of the bin was only just covered, and by eight the bin was still three-quarters empty. But my fingers were getting tired, and they already showed a liberal staining of hop-juice, a pigment which appears to be permanent, and which I have not discovered anything to remove. At nine the measurer allotted to the section in which my bin figured came his round, accompanied by his boy, who carries the record-book. The measurer scoops the hops out of the bin with his bushel basket, calling out the number as he does so, the boy booking the bushels in the book against the number of the bin. When all the hops have been measured and shot into the sack which the measurer carries, the record is made on

the tallies—pieces of deal fashioned so as to fit into one another, so that when placed in juxtaposition an indentation can be made with a knife across both edges simultaneously. One of the tallies is kept by the hopper, the other being retained by the tallyman, and the record is thus maintained, while it is impossible for either to falsify the register, as any mark not appearing on both pieces would be at once noticed when they are next placed together.

On my asking the measurer to measure my picking he looked at me askance. "So I will when you have picked a few,



POLE PULLERS AT WORK

my man," he said; and assuming his most superior air he passed along the section. But on his reappearance two hours later he did measure me up, and found I had picked rather over three bushels! I felt very proud of myself despite the chaffing of the rest of my company, for I had earned sixpence, the rate being seven bushels a shilling, and I began to build castles in the air as to the result of my hopping.

At twelve o'clock the horn sounded again as the signal for dinner, and the majority of the pickers struck work and proceeded to produce provender of every possible species, which they set about devouring seated on the ground, or resting against the edges of the bins. Some few leave the garden, and go to their

hopper-houses for their meal, while others pay a visit to the "Bull" in search of beer; but the majority have their victuals with them, and proceed to put them away with a zest that is admirable to behold.

After noting the eagerness with which

every night and most afternoons. The Londoners, spoken of in the hop county as the "foreign" pickers, in contradistinction to those who dwell in the neighbourhood, are greatly in the majority, numbering something like 80 per cent. of the whole, and while a considerable propor-

tion of these are decent and respectable folk, there are many who are incorrigible ruffians. It is true that in well-managed gardens like Ellis's these black sheep are annually weeded out, and those who misconduct themselves are never taken on again; but there is, I believe, a leavening of blackguardism to be found among the hoppers every year, and small wonder when the large number employed is taken into account.

The process of treating the hops after picking is extremely simple, and is performed in specially constructed buildings known as oast-houses, from the peculiar shape of their cowl-capped roofs. The old-time oast-houses were of extremely picturesque outline, and though for the most part falling into decay, are still to be found dotted over the hills of Mid-Kent; the present order of oast-house partaking of the nature of a factory, being in every sense

larger and more utilitarian than its predecessors. As soon as the waggon bearing the hops reaches the oast-house half a dozen men seize the bags and carry them to the upper floor, where they are emptied on to the furnace nettings. All round the floors are a series of chambers, starting on the ground and ending in a cowl some thirty feet above. The first



IN THE DINNER-HOUR

my companions ate their meal, I took a turn round the field to take stock of the hands visible. I found that they represented well-nigh every class, from the decent cottager who dwells in the neighbourhood and seeks to add to his slender income by picking hops, to the coarsest Whitechapel rough, who comes hopping because it enables him to get drunk





IN THE GARDEN

floor level is lined with joists, over which is strained coarse canvas, and on this the hops are laid. A fire is then lit below and a handful of sulphur thrown on. In the result the smoke and sulphur fumes rise, drawn up by the draught created by the oast and its attendant cowl, and in a very short time the hops are dried and turned a bright yellow. They are then thrown out on the floor to cool, and subsequently packed tightly under hydraulic pressure in big sacks, termed pockets, containing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., or thereabouts.

At one o'clock the foreman's horn proclaims dinner-hour at an end, and we all fall to work again. But we are not suffered to toil for long. Shortly after two the signal to stop is sounded, and we know that there are as many hops picked as the oast-houses can deal with that day; for hops must be dried immediately they are picked or they are no good. The measurer comes round and credits our earnings, my total being seven and a-half

bushels, rather over one shilling in all. And then an exodus sets in from the fields as the pickers—men, women and children—make for the hopper-houses, or the "Bull" on pleasure bent.

I follow the crowd and find myself outside the "Bull" watching the people



CARTING THE HOPS

mingle, drink, chaff, or indulge in horse-play and foul language. And as I chance to turn, my attention is caught by a memorial cross erected in memory of forty hoppers who perished in the cholera epidemic of 1849; and I pondered over what such a scourge would

possible class of character. Many there are who are highly respectable, and who have been picking at Ellis's for as many as twenty years. One old Irish woman boasted of not having missed coming for twenty-four years. Another virago of sixty brags that she has been a regular

attendant for eighteen seasons, "barring one when I was in quod for killing my fust 'usband, and sarve 'im right!"

I saw a number of sights during my hopping experiences which were saddening to a degree. On the second night of my stay I took a stroll round about the hopper-houses, after the pickers were supposed to be abed. I found one of these with the door open, the sole occupant being a little dot of about three, who, dressed only in a single cotton garment, sat up on the straw-strewn floor and sobbed for "mummy" as though its little heart would break. Meanwhile, as I learned from the neighbours, its mother was at the inn spending her earnings in getting drunk.

A touching spectacle of another and less shocking type I noted during the picking-hours on Saturday morning, when I saw a girl with a little boy—the latter suffering from ophthalmia—both dead beat and tired out, fast

asleep under one of the trees opposite the "Bull." On the same Saturday night, after a walk across the bridge, I was returning to the hopper-houses when I overtook a man and woman slanging one another in the middle of the road. The woman held a baby in one hand, while she gesticulated excitedly with the other. The gist of the argument appeared to be that her husband had drawn her earnings as



OLD-TIME OAST HOUSES

mean to-day, until my musing was interrupted by the outbreak of a fight between two ladies opposite, which was watched with the keenest attention by the crowd assembled.

And here I propose to drop the diurnal form of my adventuring, and collate just those incidents which appeared to me the most striking. I have already stated that the pickers include every



UP-TO-DATE OAST HOUSES

well as his own, and refused to give her any money to buy drink with, while the man was nearly tipsy already. After a good deal of the vilest abuse, the woman uttered her ultimatum: "I've 'ad enough of yer, I 'ave," she shouted. "I ain't agoin' to carry on with yer any more. Look 'ere," she said, as her anger got to red heat, "it's your brat more than mine. I ain't agoin' to mind it for yer. Look arter it yer bloomin' self." Saying which, she plumped the infant down in the middle of the muddy road and ran up the hill towards the "Bull." I don't know how the matter ended, but I cannot recall a more horrid spectacle than that woman abandoning her child.

It is true that all the characters one meets out hopping are not of this degraded type. Some at least are distinctly amusing. One young chap

there was, who dwelt in a hopper-house close by ours. He was a sailor and a lady-killer. I came across him quite a dozen times during my stay, and never alone. He always had a young and more or less good-looking girl with him, and they all appeared to be on the most affectionate terms with this desperate Lothario. And while the amount of drunkenness rampant at hopping time is disgusting, it is not without occasional touches of humour. On Sunday afternoon I watched two men, both of middle age and both

genially drunk. They were propped up against the churchyard wall. The elder man was chanting a song to the other, of which I noted one verse which is not without a touch of humour. The singer had been eulogising the better time which is always coming:

We'll all drink nothing but real champagne,  
And 'ave no work to do;  
Which news is exceedingly joyful,  
But a little too good to be true.



THE BAILIFF'S OFFICE AT ELLIS'S—THE DINNER HORN

Sunday is the hopper's saturnalia. It is on this day that he is seen at his best or worst, according to his temperament.



A REMINISCENCE OF OTHER DAYS

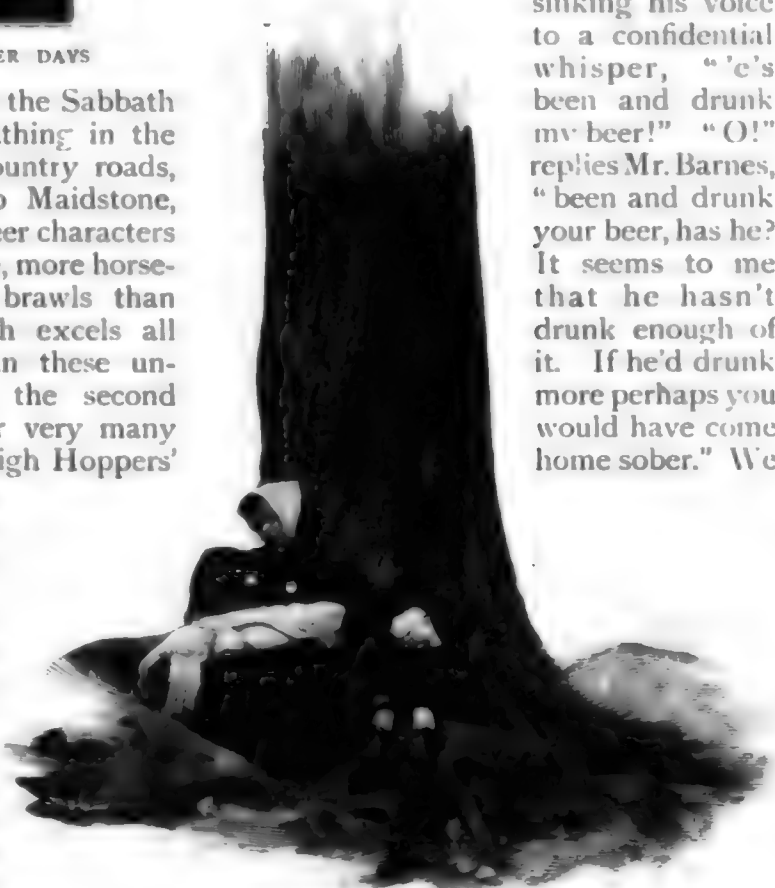
The good characters spend the Sabbath in rational amusement, bathing in the river, strolling along the country roads, or, perchance, walking into Maidstone, three miles away. The queer characters mark the day by more noise, more horse-play, and more drunken brawls than usual. The Sunday which excels all others in its fruitfulness in these undesirable exhibitions is the second Sabbath in September, for very many years the date of the Farleigh Hoppers' Fair, a function which has been discarded and unobserved during the past six years or more.

On the particular Sunday which is supposed to be sacred to the fête in question, the pickers assembled at Farleigh this year distinguished themselves to an unusual degree. Fights were in progress during the greater part of the day, and I spent

several hours careering about from the "Bull" to the Bridge and thence elsewhere, to witness the various barneys which took place at short intervals. I was very greatly struck by the influence exercised over even the roughest of the pickers by the ex-policeman before alluded to. I entered into conversation with this guardian of the peace, and we were soon chatting as though we had been old friends. And as we walked along the rows of hopper-houses, every moment some voice would come out from the shadows to give him greeting.

"Good-night, Mr. Barnes," this from a shrill-voiced woman nursing a baby. "Good-night, Mr. Barnes," from a gentleman who is zig-zagging his homeward way, and who pauses singing while he collects his thoughts and puts the question, "Wish you'd speak to that there Chippy—you know; Chippy Johnson, the bloke as dosses along o' me." "I know," replies my companion. "No. 64, isn't it? What's he been up to?" "Why," replies

our complainant, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "'e's been and drunk my beer!" "O!" replies Mr. Barnes, "been and drunk your beer, has he? It seems to me that he hasn't drunk enough of it. If he'd drunk more perhaps you would have come home sober." We



WORN OUT



leave the toper trying to take in the full force of this sarcasm, to be approached by a woman who complains that her husband "won't come 'ome," but is up at the "Bull" "blueing all the money they have earned that day." Mr. Barnes is fully equal to the occasion. "I'll speak to him," he says, and we turn and leave the hoppers' town and make for the "Bull." It takes a little time to find the man wanted, but he is discovered at last propped up in a corner and contem-

just you get home at once and hand over what money you haven't spent to your wife. She'll take better care of it than you." He was a big, powerfully built man, but he bore himself like a baby. With shamefaced air he twiddled his thumbs. "All right, Mr. Barnes," he replied, "I'll go. Good-night, Mr. Barnes," and he went, leaving us watching him down the road and in at the gate.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and I had had a long day, so I bade my new-found



THE BULL INN, EAST FARLEIGH

plating the bottom of a pot that had been recently emptied. To him goes Mr. Barnes. "Here you are, Joe Straddles," he says. "I've got something to say to you. Just come outside a minute." Joe is not yet tipsy, and follows our lead. "Now Joe," says my mentor, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. There's your wife down at the hopper-house all alone and miserable, while you are loafing up here and spending all your earnings and hers too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Joe. I didn't think you were that sort. Now

friend good-night, and made towards No. 13. The others were already abed, and it didn't take long for me to follow their example. But I wasn't destined to get my coveted rest. Hardly were my eyes closed when the night's entertainment began with a shindy opposite. Voices grew loud, and a man could be heard abusing a woman. Oaths and objurgations followed, and soon after I heard a door bang and a woman crying, so I rose and opened the door to see what it was, and found an old, grey-haired woman in a flannel nightgown

squatting in the mud midway between our house and the one opposite. Her face was buried in her hands, and she was moaning to herself. I approached her and inquired about her trouble, and learned that her son Bill had resented her lecturing his wife on the subject of



BED-TIME

temperance, and as she had remained firm to her principles, he had put her out of doors. "And I won't go back, not if he begs on his bended knees, I won't," she said, to clench the argument; and she rose, and, clad as she was, set out in search of that universal refuge in distress, Mr. Barnes, who would doubtless find her a lodging in some other house.

So I turned in again, and was just off when a distant whistle proclaimed the arrival of the last train from Maidstone, and soon after the sounds of many erratic footsteps, much thick language, and some drunken shouting became apparent. The holiday-makers were returning, and a group of several persons

entered the hopper-houses on either side of No. 13. But they had not come home to rest. On either side of us was discord. In No. 12 there dwelt two families of the same name, and I had heard the women slanging one another several times since I had been in my quarters. In No. 14 was a smaller party, the man named Connor, a burly little chap, rough in manner and having the reputation of a bruiser. The voices in No. 12 became louder and more excited. My fellow-lodger continued to slumber undisturbed, but someone in No. 14 opened the door and shouted to the disturbers of the peace to "stow their blooming row."

But instead of stowing it the squabble became more animated, and it was easy to distinguish the slanging match which was in progress between the two ladies who had fallen foul of one another. At last matters culminated in action. "I've 'ad enough of 'er," bellowed an infuriated female. "She's that stuck-up there's no putting up with 'er. Ever since we came here I've tried to be civil and to pull along with 'er; but no, not likely, is it? You won't speak to us, you won't; you don't think the likes of us good enough for you, do you? Look 'ere"—here I heard the speaker smacking her hands—"I ain't a-goin' to stop 'ere another hour, d'yeer!" And then there was the sound of a bolt being withdrawn, while two children crying bitterly became audible. I peeped out of the door and saw an infuriated woman carrying various small articles out of No. 14 and placing them in the footway. "I ain't a-goin' to live with yer any more, I ain't," she resumed. And disregarding the cry of her children she continued to carry her belongings out. By this time a small knot of more or less tipsy on-lookers had gathered round, while most of the doors opposite were open to allow the undressed occupants of the neighbouring hopper-house to watch events. The excited woman had just about extracted all her property from No. 14 when a little dark man came up the road. "'Ere he comes!" shouted my neighbour triumphantly. "'Ere's my 'usband. Come on, Joe. These people 'ave insulted me. Now just you go for that there man!"

Joe required but a moment to take in the situation, but as soon as he had done this he rose to the occasion. He burst into No. 14, and in a moment knocked its male occupant down in the doorway, the feat being no sooner accomplished than with a piercing shriek a younger woman, the victim's wife, ran to the conqueror and flinging her arms round him endeavoured to stay his prowess.

At this juncture Mr. Barnes made his appearance, accompanied by his lieutenant, also an ex-policeman, an able second, and these proceeded to stay the turmoil, but without much success. "Now you people, just you go to bed or there'll be trouble in the morning," said the licitor, and a portion of the audience promptly dispersed, but the two combatants continued to exchange blows and roll about the ground. Then the new arrivals seized the strugglers and pulled them apart. And then occurred the crisis. Just as Mr. Barnes's back was turned the door of No. 12 opened and Connor came out. "I've got summutter say ter you," he cried as he went up to the already worsted man. "You come on and——" Whereupon Connor struck out at the other, who went down like a felled ox as his wife went into a paroxysm of hysterical shrieks and flung herself on her fallen mate. "'E's killed 'im, 'e's killed 'im," she cried, as she cast her arms round her husband. And for a moment it looked as though the man was done for; but attention was drawn away from him by the reappearance of Steevens from No. 14, who made for Connor, and in a moment there were at least half a dozen couples pommelling one another with all their might, while a jumbled mass of humanity, including several women, were inextricably mixed up as they struggled together on the ground.

And then Mr. Barnes blew his whistle, and the shrill notes rose loud above the din. Having sounded the alarm, the guardian of order again bore Steevens away from Connor, and thrust him back into No. 14, but in an instant he burst out with a clasp knife in his hand, and, but for the quick eye of

Mr. Barnes, there would probably have been murder done that night in Farleigh. But after another ten minutes' struggling the riot began to subside, and as a sergeant with two constables were heard coming up the road, the crowd melted away, and peace ensued.

And then it occurred to me that I had seen enough, and I registered a vow that I would move. So in the morning I washed my hands of hopper-houses for ever, and went to the "Bull," where, after certain explanations, the landlord consented to take me in. I remained there several days exploiting the scenes of my



A HOPPER HOUSE

experiences, and photographing the subjects reproduced, and I own that I never appreciated the comforts of an inn and enjoyed the abilities of a capable cook so keenly as on this occasion at the "Bull" at East Farleigh.

And the moral of it all—I think it will be better if I leave my reader to draw it for himself.



**NOT QUITE SURE OF HIM**

*Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles*

# A Modern Mercury

WRITTEN BY ALFRED SLADE. ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT

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“ONCE and for all, Frances, I want you to understand that I won’t have it.”

“My dear Philip, it is really not worth your trouble to tell me that; because I shan’t take the slightest notice, you see.”

And Mrs. Adams sat back and tapped the table at her side with a wonderfully fine affectation of indifference.

Her husband continued pacing the room in fury, and consequently making a good deal more noise than his dead weight seemed to warrant; for one of those moments had come to him, when a man ardently desires a fellow-man to assault, and a woman, in like circumstances, goes into hysterics or breaks something.

“You are absolutely intolerable,” he commenced again, stopping and facing round sharp; “enough to drive a fellow mad. Here, within three months of our marriage, I ask you a favour—a favour a husband has really the right to demand as his due; I ask you to see no more of this fellow Devereux—no more, that is, than your work at the theatre renders necessary; and that you point-blank refuse me.”

“I have already explained to you,” Mrs. Adams wearily retorted, spreading out her skirts with emphasised solicitude, “I have already told you that it is only for professional matters that I see Mr. Devereux at all—who, by the way, is as real and honest a gentleman as *any* man I know. He is of great service in rehearsals, and I esteem it very kind of him to come here so often and coach me in my part. It is your place to thank him for it instead of coming here and making scenes with me behind his back.

“Besides,” she continued, in crescendo that betokened irritation, “I made it a

stipulation before our marriage that I should still remain an actress. I love my art, and I am going to score a huge success in the new play; and I shall be grateful to Mr. Devereux for the great help he has given me.

“You complain of my conduct, indeed,” she went on, rising to her feet and preventing her husband interrupting her. “I think I have more just cause to complain of yours. Three months since we were married, as you say, and you neglect me already! Always in your study with the door locked, writing your insufferable masterpieces. Who brings me home from the theatre every night? Mr. Devereux, as you complain. And why? Because *you*, who ought to be there, are *not*; and failing the courtesy of Richard—Mr. Devereux—I should have to return alone. You cannot say anything,” she continued with scarcely a pause; “I know all you want to say; and if you will be silent for one minute more, *you* will know all *I* want to. I trust you will have the candour to admit that I have never uttered a word of reproach till to-day. But if you come here and fume at me as you are doing now, you exhaust my patience. There!”

Mrs. Adams stamped her little foot in anger; would then probably have burst into tears had she not noticed a strange light in her husband’s eyes. He drew two chairs together, gently forced her to sit, sat down beside her, and took her hand in his.

“Frances, my darling,” he said, very softly and very slowly, “listen to what I am going to say. I reverence you too much, and love you too greatly, to ever utter a word to insult you. That Devereux is necessary to you at the theatre, I admit; that he is necessary to you at the house, I could admit also. Never a word of



suspicion shall pass my lips; and if I could, with my life even, would I prevent such an insult from others. But the world, the false and silly world outside, amuses itself vastly with shuttle-cocks of scandal; when it sees Devereux here so often, it says foolish meannesses, and repeats them, and so finishes, perhaps, by believing them. This, since one cannot

there. Perhaps the less I see of you the less I shall be able to hate you!"

Here, opportunely, came a discreet tap at the door, and the maidservant entered with a card. Mrs. Adams took it with a little sigh of relief.

"Westwood," she muttered, searching her memory, "Westwood? O, yes, of course; the interviewer from the *Lorg-*



"YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE"

prevent, I would avoid; the honour of your name, which is the same as mine now, remember, demands that you see less of this actor, who can still remain your friend, but must never be called your lover."

"You cad!" hissed the wife, springing to her feet. "You coward! O, that I were a man to horsewhip you for the insult! Go, you my husband, go to your books and manuscripts; shut yourself in your study and hide yourself

netle; I had given him an appointment for this morning."

"You may show him up here, Marie," she told the maid; then continued to the air generally, for her husband to listen to as he liked, "You had better receive him—I will be down again in a few minutes." And she sailed through the door with all the dignity of the tragedy queen she was; and so to her bedroom, where she sank down and had a good cry just like any ordinary woman.

Then, when her eyes were red and aching, there came another reaction, or, perhaps, a recurring impersonation of her theatric nature; and alive once more to her actual position and the public *convenances*, she bathed those aching eyes, and to her pale, angry cheeks put on a point of rouge.

With all the affectation of composure she could assume, she went down the stairs; picked up a property guitar en route; untwisted one or two of the pegs; and burst into the room with:

"Look, darling, I have had an accident; can you put it right for me?"

Then all smiles and blushes and confusion; and apologies to the stranger sitting opposite; for "I didn't know there was anyone here, you know."

The entrance was not lost on the interviewer, ingenious youth, who made it a note of admiration to commence with; and proceeded timidly and with great evident respectfulness to ask more vague and obvious questions. Mrs. Adams placed herself close to her husband in a most graceful posture of endearment—for purposes of publication; and the three-cornered conversation went on, with all the usual developments of mutual complimentation.

"Yes, she was extremely pleased with her past success; people were so kind to her, so profuse in their praises; it was for that she was studying so hard now, to be worthy of their applause in her forthcoming play.

"No, the play was not written by her husband—not this one, at any rate; Philip was so very busy with his novels, but perhaps one day, when he had more time, who knows?"

And so on and so on until everyone

concerned got tired, and Mr. Westwood at last took his leave, pausing for a moment ere he closed the door to imprint once more on his mental vision the charming picture of happiness that the Adamses then presented. But as soon as the door had closed, with the interviewer on the outside, the charming picture existed no longer; Mrs. Adams rose, crashed the guitar to the ground,



"A MOST GRACEFUL POSTURE OF ENDEARMEN."

and went back to her own room; Mr. Adams yawned with laboured effort, and remained where he was.

Matters between them could scarcely be worse. There was no real cause as yet for a quarrel: that was the ugliest part of it. But Mrs. Adams felt herself grievously outraged by her husband's unjust suspicions; Mr. Adams was mortally piqued by his wife's disdain and anger at what he meant to be a kind and considerate proposal. Here, then, were two souls, nay, three, if you wish to count Devereux, all primed for their eternal undoing; but a merciful Providence was swift coming to their salva-

tion, and putting the *Lorgnette* through the press.

\*     \*     \*     \*

Providence had been very busy all night; now Providence could go home and sleep with a clear conscience, for the *Lorgnette* had appeared without mishap. One copy of it lay neatly folded on the Adamses' breakfast-table; and Adams, coming in, saw it and took it up. But the wrapper was addressed to his wife; he put it down then at once; they were standing too much on their dignity to allow any liberties with each other's correspondence.

He put the paper down, as I have said, with much righteous consolation; but as he took his seat opposite, he looked at it eagerly; once he was even on the point of giving way and opening it; he restrained himself only just in time, turned to the window and whistled. And at last hitting on a compromise, he went stealthily out, in his slippers; hurried to the newshop round the corner, got another copy of the *Lorgnette*, and was just late enough in getting back to find his wife already at breakfast.

She appeared not to notice his entrance; he, on the other hand, was stolidly unconscious of her presence; they were both eating in too-obvious abstraction, and reading the papers at their left elbows.

"Man is vain and curious; so vain and curious as to become extravagant, in gratification of his vices."

Adams distinctly heard the words; he looked up to see who was speaking. It could not have been his wife; she was still occupied in her paper; it must have been an echo. An echo, however, that should be answered; and so Adams answered it:

"A man's extravagance is one of his redeeming features; women haven't any."

And feeling more content, he fell to reading the journal seriously. His wife's interview, of course, came first; and very nicely too it commenced.

"Nothing more exquisite could possibly be imagined than the scene in which I found myself. A small room, it is true, but deliciously furnished; trinkets from

the Orient, treasures from Japan; on the walls priceless pictures; below, rugs and carpets in which one's feet sank as in a sea of velvet. And everywhere flowers—on the tables, in the corners, every available niche was full of them, all kinds of flowers, and all of them beautiful; and all of them charmingly arranged by the touch of a woman's hand."

He and she must have been reading the same passage; they both stopped and looked up together. All around them were flowers, it was true; but this morning the woman's touch was sadly lacking. It was a pity, thought Adams; flowers availed nothing without sympathy. They bent their heads and again read on.

"A veritable nest of love; for here love dwelt and had his hiding-place. A young poet and author had met the most promising actress of her time; and Love had hovered over them and made them one. And here they lived their transformed life, in an eternal honeymoon; and shrined from the vulgar sordid world outside, had made for themselves an earthly paradise."

Adams looked up with a laugh; but in his wife's eyes there was a glint of wetness and on her lips a quiver of emotion that took the laugh out of his face and left behind a look of wistfulness and hope. And for the space of a second they regarded one another—then cast down their eyes and went on hastily with their reading.

"A paradise all but perfect; yet even here there was a sorrow—and it was a broken guitar. She ran in with it, crying: 'O, darling, an accident! Will you mend it for me?' And he, the Prince, stooped down and put it right, while she, disconcerted at my presence, was all smiles and blushes and apologies for such charms. And so the guitar was mended, and all the world, that golden world of them two, was at peace again."

Once more she looked up to him and he to her; and once more they dropped their eyes on to their papers. But this time in semblance only, for they had read enough. It *had* been true, all that, when they were first married; and how

perfect that time had been, and how they had loved each other!

And then this had come between them, this stupid resentment, this non-existent grievance, this childish assumption of dignity and pride. For, at the end, that was all it amounted to; and each knew in conscience that there was nothing more. Devereux was merely Frances Arundale's professional adviser, a position quite normal and of honourable

heart realised its full meaning. And now between them stood the spectre of a stupid hideous mistake, that both knew for an absurdity, but that neither had as yet the courage to cast down and break beneath their feet. What would it lead to in the state they had arrived at? Unhappiness, at any rate; lack of confidence, then hatred; perhaps even sin.

Yet, was it necessary, this ridiculous



"OBVIOUS ABSTRACTION"

acceptance; and the world was well aware of it, in spite of the lying construction it pretended to put on their association. But Adams had been too keenly sensitive, too hotly jealous of his wife's good name, and imagined to himself danger where none existed. Mrs. Adams, with an artistic temperament of equal sensitiveness, and by the very reason of her sex and the emotional fatigue of her profession strained to an hysterical, passionate irritation, had allowed her tongue to utter her anger before her

misery? Was it not just possible, before it was for ever too late, to go back to the old days—to the honeymoon that ought to be, that *might* be eternal? How devoutly they both wished it: how nearly persuaded they both were to declare it!

Adams was on the point of starting up; and then the memory of the words she had spoken came stinging back to his mind, to lash his soul again to resentment. *That* he could never forgive. And he sank back in his chair with both

hands clenched, and shut his eyes in despair.

When he opened them again it was to find his wife nestling to his knee. With her hand to his she said: "Philip, will you forgive me?" And he had raised her to his breast and had forgiven her all.

There was no need of words; with mouth to mouth they kept silence, save for the lullaby of kissing; and in their hearts their love sprang up anew, purified in a baptism of tears.

And the glorious sun crept down to their window and smiled at them in sympathy and approbation; and the flowers that were in the room bowed towards him in respectful courtesy, and motioned slyly to the lovers interlaced, who moved not for many minutes; but lay there in the calm of happiness, and forgot all else in the world beside.

And then the wind rustled in at the

window and played with the leaves of the *Lorgnette* on the table; and Frances, watching, laughed at it and rose. She took the paper in her hand and folded it with care; kissed it, and locked it up among her most treasured relics. "For," she cried merrily, "we owe it very much, don't we, Philip?"

"Indeed, yes," he answered; "and the writer too. Send him a card, dear, for your next reception."

"No," she said reflectively, "I don't think so. I am grateful to him—much more than I would like to let him know. But to meet him would raise painful recollections, of things for the future dead. See, I have buried the paper in the deepest drawer of my secretaire; and now we will forget everything of the matter except that we love each other very, very dearly."

And so virtue, in Westwood's case, was indeed its own reward.



"A PEAL OF BELLES"

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles





WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

### III.—PAPER-BAGS AND SACK-MAKING

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*

**I**T is the duty of every chronicler of facts to allow no personal feelings, or bias, to enter into his statements, but in dealing with the labour of little children, one must have a heart of stone not to be moved to indignation by the sights that continually meet the eye in almost every slum in the East End and in Southern London. And when one dips beneath the surface and learns, not only the amount of labour accomplished by the tiny hands and the pitiful remuneration that labour receives, but the appalling conditions under which the children live from their birth upwards, it needs a more than usually judicious mind to accept these facts philosophically. There is always a dif-

ficulty in discovering the reasons that have led the parents to take up any one particular line of industry, for amongst the majority there is an absolute indifference as regards the work itself, the few shillings that its prosecution brings them weekly being their sole thought. As far as the trades which are dealt with in this series of articles are concerned, the children are initiated into them at a very early age, and too often by a bitter and hard apprenticeship, in which blows and starvation play an ugly part. If the mother is a match-box maker, a belt or umbrella maker, the children naturally follow the same trade, the boys drifting away into various employments, more or less temporary, as they get into their

teens—and in too many cases following the example, set by the majority of the fathers in this class, of loafing at the street corners and living upon the work



CARRYING PAPER FOR PAPER-BAGS

of the women. Thus, whatever trade a woman may follow in her home—and she probably has learnt it in the same hard school from her own mother—and is compelled to call in the services of her children to augment the weekly wage, she is practically an active agent in lowering the prices paid for her own handiwork—prices that have fallen in an

ever-increasing ratio during the past few years, almost entirely owing to the general employment of children by their parents.

A fact that must at once strike all inquirers into these various trades, whether it be with an economical or a philanthropic object, is the disproportion between the prices paid for work that does not entail severe physical application and strain, and that which results in intense fatigue and weariness. There is not the same degree of labour incurred in making match-boxes or cardboard boxes as in making belts or umbrellas, although, to earn anything like a living wage, the same long hours are necessary. Yet there is very little to choose between the meanness in the payment of any one of these trades. The same holds good with paper-bag and sack-making.

Of all the industries paper-bag making is the easiest, and although the price varies according to the sizes of the bags, the highest price of three-farthings a gross for big bags made of stiff brown paper cannot be considered unreasonably low when the twopence-halfpenny that is paid for a gross of match-boxes, or even the one shilling and threepence that is paid for a thousand small paper-bags, or the five-farthings that a dozen belts will fetch at the factory, are taken into consideration.

The material for the bags is generally given out from small shops chiefly in lengths of brown paper and thick tissue, although there are other varieties. With the paper is given the order—so many dozen big brown paper-bags, so many dozen tissue paper-bags, such as grocers and confectioners use so largely, so many dozen of those pointed bags in which sweets are sold—and away the worker hurries, the great bundle held tightly in her arms. But it is no uncommon thing to see a small boy of ten staggering through the squalid streets, bare-footed and his clothes in tatters, with a great parcel of flapping paper upon his shoulder, to the one little room where his mother and, perhaps, two or three sisters are waiting, the paste-pot and scissors all ready, to commence the work of cutting, “cornering,” folding, and pasting directly he arrives. Need-

less to say, the operator provides her own paste, as well as the string with which the bags are tied together in dozens. The scissors fly through the crackling paper, the mother cuts out the bags, one child folds them, another pastes, whilst perhaps a third, younger than the two others, counts them out in dozens of the various sizes, and fastens them together with string. A large paste-pot, a pair of long scissors and a sharp knife, and a ball of thin twine, are all the tools required, but the paste and the twine make heavy inroads on the few farthings each dozen bags produces. They paste, and fold, and snip all day long, with the constant dread of a visit from the school inspector ever before them. Should he come, the mother is ready with a pitiful story, and full of promises for the attendance of the children at school "to-morrow. She was feelin' that low, an' if these 'ere bags ain't made afore ter-night, they wouldn't have no food fur ter-day nor ter-morrer. And one pair o' 'ands can't do 'em, an' that's flat, so there!"

The school inspector will protest, and then will come the tirade which he hears from every other mother when he taxes her with the harm she is doing to her children by keeping them from school to help her with her work. "Schoolin'! What's the good o' so much schoolin', I should like to know? I never 'ad no schoolin', mister, an' I ain't felt the want of it so far, and what's more, I ain't likely to. What's good enough fur me is good enough for my kids, an' when they goes to school they don't get no dinner an' no tea. . . . Yes, I thought yer'd say that, it's jest the sort o' thing a bloomin' ole school inspector as knows no better *would* say. No, I don't starve 'em on puppus when they is forced to go to school. It's jest this. If the kids don't work there ain't no food to give 'em, 'cos there ain't the money to buy it. Put that in yer pipe an' smoke it."

And these women, turned into railing viragoes by the everlasting struggle for mere existence, tell a truth that is painfully obvious: if the children do not work the children suffer. Since it is only possible for a widow and her three children to make one thousand bags a day

by their united efforts, this producing seven and sixpence for six days' work, out of which half-a-crown must be paid for the rent of their one small room, it is



DELIVERING FINISHED BAGS

perfectly clear that without the aid of the little ones this particular mother would not be able to support them.

One of the most saddening trades is sail-cloth and sack-making, for it entails an amount of physical labour that must be most injurious to the children of tender age, whose services are called in chiefly, however, in this instance after school hours. In one particular district of the East End a sack factory forms a

nucleus for this industry, the dwellers in the neighbouring streets almost exclusively following the trade. In summer these narrow thoroughfares present a terribly squalid appearance, filled, as they are, with busy workers stitching at sacks, sail-cloths and hay-rick covers; in winter, when all the work must be

sides and the bottom together, and hems the top. Thus, in addition to the force required to push the needle through the jute and of drawing each individual stitch as tight as possible, there is the constant strain upon the little body of keeping the two edges of the sacking even by pulling against the hook. The least



BARGE COVER MAKING

done inside the miserable little houses, the conditions under which they labour beggar description. After five o'clock in the afternoon in front of almost every house, children may be seen binding the edges of the sacks together with coarse twine, which they push through the rough jute with a thick needle. One end of the sacking is fixed to a hook in the wall, and the child, holding the material tightly stretched, sews the two

wrinkle when the sack is completed causes it to be condemned, and it has to be picked to pieces and sewn all over again. The price paid is sixpence for two dozen sacks, or a farthing for each sack, and the sewers provide their own needles and twine.

Sail-cloth making is scarcely more remunerative, and in one narrow alley it seemed as if all the misery and hopelessness of this work were collected

together to give one overwhelming and convincing proof of the endurance of human nature. There were about forty two-storeyed houses upon one side of this alley, which ran between two thoroughfares, and on the other was a high brick wall, once whitewashed but now stained by all manner of dirt. On each side of every doorway were children sewing sacks—sometimes two little mites working upon one; and all along the blank wall enormous lengths of sail-cloth were fixed to ropes and laying flat along the brickwork, at which both women and children were sewing without interruption. Facing every doorway and standing against this wall was a bucket or a dust-bin, nearly all the latter lacking covers, filled with the refuse from the houses, and giving forth an insupportable stench of decaying fish and vegetables. Swarms of flies hovered over these evil-smelling receptacles and about the workers, who seemed indifferent alike to both. Broken window-panes stuffed with rags, the dirt and squalor, the unwashed floors and tumble-down furniture, of which the open doors gave one a passing glimpse, were a sufficient indication of the lives led by these particular sack-makers. The scenes outside the houses were even more pitiful.

A little girl of eight was laboriously stitching at a sack, which a younger brother of seven was holding at the proper tension from the hook. She pushed the needle through the thick jute very slowly, very carefully, and then pulled the twine as tightly as she could, smoothing down the edge with her left hand, her little forehead puckered into a serious frown. "Where do you go to play?" she was asked. "In — Park?" "Plye?" she answered in a tone of scorn and amazement. "Plye? O, I never have no time to plye." And as she stopped her work to make this answer, she unconsciously showed the inside of her left hand. It was quite raw, the jute having rubbed the skin from the under side of the thumb and the two first fingers; and all along the hem of the sack were little specks, of blood.

This child's mother and two elder sisters and another boy were hard at work upon a barge cover, fixed to the wall immediately behind her. Whilst the woman, whose clothes were in rags, and whose neck showed gaunt and bare above the top of her burst bodice, sewed the cover along the top, the two girls sitting on the stones were binding the bottom, the boy sewing at one of the sides in a squatting position. A piece of leather fastened round the palm of the hand acted as a thimble, the needle being pressed through the unyielding material with its help: the muscles on the woman's bare arm stood out in great knots, and the tension of the children's hands at every stitch made one shudder. It seemed like an evil dream, and the silence with which the work was done gave it an added horror. By working all day a woman can make a barge-cover or a hay-rick cover in two days; two women, by sewing steadily, being able to finish a cover in one day. The price is half-a-crown per cover, which means one and threepence a day for a woman working either alone or with another. Can it be wondered that as soon as the children's services are available they should be pressed into this body-killing toil, since every stitch is of value, and every pair of hands, however small and feeble, brings the work to quicker completion?

The whole length of this alley was lined by these covers, the children and women working with their heads bent over the disgusting heaps of refuse in the pails and bins, whilst at right angles the work of sack-making was going on busily, the alley being so narrow that many of the children at the sacks had to pull them sideways to avoid collision with the cover-makers against the wall. A public-house at one end of this street of pain told its own tale only too eloquently, many of the loafers at its doors being the husbands and fathers of the toil-worn women and children who formed a terrible vista from end to end of the narrow and pestiferous opening. A child was swearing horribly over some bad stitches that it was pulling out, babies were screaming, shouts of coarse laughter





"'PLYE? I NEVER HAVE NO TIME TO PLYE'"

drifted down from the public-house, piercing cries came from an upper window where a man was beating his wife, and the blinding sun seemed to search out every nook and cranny of wretchedness and heighten the squalor of the miserable rags that did duty for these unhappy people's clothes. This was in summer; in winter, when the great covers and sacks must be sewn within the foetid, stifling rooms which are their homes, the physical labour must be increased tenfold. Is it to be wondered

at that "plye" has no place in these poor little sack-makers' lives?

The facts for this article were collected in July. In September a sail-cloth factory was opened on the south side of the river, to which many women and children from the particular neighbourhood with which this series deals speedily went for employment, the children working outside the walls of the factory in order to evade the provisions of the law as to premises. Their fares across the river were twopence each way for adults,

and a penny for children. The price paid for a sail-cloth or hammock is exactly half of that paid on the other side of the river—one shilling and threepence—from which fivepence is deducted for string. Therefore, the worker receives tenpence for a cover, from which she has to pay fourpence for boat fares, leaving sixpence as her day's wages. If she takes two children to help her, she can make, perhaps, two small hammocks, receiving two shillings and sixpence

minus tenpence for string. Out of the remaining one and eightpence, eightpence goes to the boatman, leaving one shilling. These figures will show very clearly the value of children's services to their mothers. The reduction in the new factory is also leading the old factories to pay similar prices, but there is no cessation in the demand for work, and the children engaged upon this trade will be worked more hardly than before.

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### VIOLA AND ORSINO

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You are a man and strong:  
 I am a woman and weak.  
 I shall love you my whole life long,  
 Yet may not speak.

You are a world to me,  
 I am nothing to you;  
 Yet I think of you all day long  
 I dream of you all night through.

And you will never miss  
 What I glean from your life's full store:  
 I gather each grain that falls,  
 And am richer for evermore.

Alas! for the broken heart!  
 Alas! for the teardrops shed,  
 When after a love-filled life  
 The heart's beloved lies dead.

But, ah me! for the hungry heart!  
 Ah me! for the smothered fire,  
 When barriers lie between  
 The heart and its desire.

E. GIBSON.

# *The Master Criminal*

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

## VI.—THE ROSY CROSS

### CHAPTER I.

**J**OB POTTER cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a euphonious name, but in the case of a capitalist a little thing like this is excusable. Between Potter the millionaire and the Hon. Augustus Vansittart, the dude, the gulf was a wide one. There were, however, reasons for the friendship between them.

A common-looking little man was Potter, but shrewd withal. There was nothing solid to be obtained from Vansittart. Only there was a Mrs. Potter, away in England, ambitious for social distinction, and Vansittart might be used as a lever. Vansittart was quite ready to respond. The dinners given by Potter at the Royal Banner, Chicago, were quite poems in their way. They were dining together this evening.

"This," Potter remarked, "is my last business trip to America. A couple of months more and I return home to settle down."

"Ditto," responded the exquisite Augustus. "I haven't seen my people since I was a lad. They—er—sent me over here. And now I've come into money, don't you know. Accounts for my being here. Gad, it's worth something to have a Bond Street coat on again. All the same, the Bishop is a nuisance."

"What Bishop?" Potter asked interestedly.

"His Grace of Croydon. Sort of connection. Came out here for his health. So I arranged to meet 'em here and go home together. They arrive tomorrow. Guess they won't recognise me. And it's a good job Lady Ella's along."

"And who may Lady Ella be?"

Potter rang the title sonorously.

"Niece, old chap. Regular beauty, and a flier. But don't worry. I shall certainly tell them how kind you have been to me, and if you like, when they do come, I'll get the old man and Ella to come and dine with you."

Potter beamed. If he played his cards right, here was a fine opening for the introduction to capital S Society for which Mrs. Potter yearned. More for an advertisement of this kind than anything else, he had bought the "Rosy Cross" diamond.

"Delighted," he said. "I'll show Lady Ella the 'Rosy Cross.' Women love diamonds. Suppose you saw by the papers I'd bought the stone?"

Vansittart succumbed to a yawn.

"Yes," he drawled; "you syndicate chaps will be after the earth next."

"It's a pretty stone," Potter said parenthetically. "Like to see it?"

Vansittart nodded, but did not enthuse, although the famous gem known as the "Rosy Cross" was exciting a deal of interest just at present. The stone, or rather a cluster of stones long and twisted like a snake, was supposed to have been found in California, but good judges declared it to be a stolen Brazilian treasure brought to that favoured spot, buried and dug up again so as to give the yarn local colour.

Roughly speaking, the stones might have been worth £100,000—as a matter of fact, they might have fetched double that. Potter brought the curio from his adjacent bedroom, for they were dining privately, and handed it to Vansittart.

"Pretty little thing, isn't it?" he asked complacently.

Vansittart boiled up enough enthusiasm to say yes. Had Potter only known how near he stood to being shot in cold blood and robbed of his treasure then and there, he would have looked less satisfied. Vansittart, otherwise Felix Gryde, lighted another cigarette with the air of a man who regards life as too violent an exercise.

"Put the thing up," he said. "Think I'll go to bed; I'm tired to death. Let you know when the Bishop and Lady Ella come along."

Three days later Potter was flustered and delighted to hear that the Right Reverend the Bishop of Croydon had arrived with Lady Ella, and would the millionaire mind if they dined with him on the Friday? Their eastern train left on the Monday morning, so there was not much time.

It need hardly be said that Potter was delighted. The manager of the Royal Banner was interviewed, and departed with *carte blanche* and a promise of no quibbling over the bill if everything was "done up to the 'ilt."

Thereupon a suite of rooms were actually transformed for the occasion. A bed-chamber was specially furnished for Lady Ella, also a dressing-room for the Bishop, to say nothing of a drawing-room where after the amber wine had ceased to foam her ladyship should dazzle the men with her beauty and dispense to them coffee and sweet smiles.

"Blow the expense," said Potter; "these are the nobbs I'm after. I'll give these toffs something to talk about when

they get home. Lord, won't Maria be pleased when she hears all about it!"

The appointed time came and with it Lady Ella and the Bishop. They were gracious and pleasant to the last degree. Before the evening was over Potter felt that Lady Ella had no equal in the wide world. A woman so beautiful and so fascinating had never before crossed his limited horizon.



"LADY ELLA WAS DEEPLY TOUCHED"

She was elusive as a dream and fascinating as Ninon. An instinctive knowledge of the genuine was amongst Potter's many gifts—an expert in precious stones is born, not made—and he knew that Lady Ella rang true. Without any previous knowledge of patrician dames, he would at once have recognised and resented any attempt to pass off a counterfeit article.

Lady Ella was gracious and friendly. She appeared to recognise Potter as of her own world, and at the same time conveyed to his senses in an incense-like way the wide difference between them.

Potter found Lady Ella and himself drifting apart from the others. The Bishop appeared to be wrapped up in Vansittart, Lady Ella became confidential. It was not long before she had found out all about Maria.

"Bolton Gardens," she said sweetly; "I don't remember meeting your wife anywhere, Mr. Potter. I must get the Duchess to call."

This was a little vague, but none the less delightful. Potter was curious to know what duchess, but he asked no questions.

"You will be glad to get home, Lady Ella," he said.

"In a way, yes. All the same I am delighted with America. But the dear Bishop is a terrible responsibility. Nervous prostration, you know."

Potter glanced at the Bishop and expressed his sympathy. Despite his handsome face and dignified bearing the Bishop looked anything but strong.

"The sea voyage ought to set him up," he said.

"That is just what I am afraid of," Lady Ella murmured. "The racket and confusion of a long railway journey tries my poor uncle terribly. Constant rest and quietness are absolutely essential to him. It was our mistake—we thought the change and bustle would work wonders. I am so sorry we did not accept the Prince's offer, and use his steam yacht to cross the Atlantic. If I could get a special car to take us from here to New York I should feel easier; really I feel quite capable of pawning my jewels to do so. But that is impossible."

"You would feel more satisfied yourself?"

"Well, no. My nerves need no bracing, and I am looking forward to my trip on the cars. But the Bishop does not care for company, and the expense of a special car—if I could only borrow one of those belonging to those travelling American millionaires. The rest of the voyage could be nothing. But I am talking nonsense."

Potter smiled. He saw a way to clinch the matter of the apochryphal duchess and the friendly call at Bolton Gardens. Millionaires have so many

psychological moments from whence to pluck solid opportunities.

"You've come to the right shop," he began. "I mean that I can procure for you the very thing you require. You have perhaps heard of the Pullman built for Duke Alexis when he was doing America."

Lady Ella had. It had been specially designed for a Tartar prince desirous of new channels for the dissipation of his fortune before Monaco came in still more handy for the purpose.

"She was a dream, they tell me," said Lady Ella. "After the prince shot himself she was purchased by some billionaire. Do you know her?"

"Rather," Potter chuckled. "I bought her. Always travelling from place to place I find it a great advantage to run my own Pullman car. The last three journeys here I have made in the saloon. Anyway, she's here now doing nothing for the next few months, and if you like to take the car to New York and give the Bishop the quiet he requires, why take her and welcome, say I."

Lady Ella was touched, deeply touched by this friendly offer. She did not say that Augustus had suggested the idea. At first she could not consent to hear anything of the kind. Then she began to struggle between proper pride and her duty towards the Bishop. Should she allow sentiment to stand in the way of a man who by common consent must be the next Primate?

"Uncle shall decide," she said, "but in any case, Mr. Potter, we shall never be able to repay you this great service. Uncle, what do you think Mr. Potter says?"

The Bishop protested. He could not dream of such a thing, he said. His white slim hands were upraised against the temptress. No, he would suffer in silence, he would fight against his nervousness and conquer. Nothing could induce him to listen to such a suggestion, and then, five minutes later, like Byron's fair frail one in that most delightful of all epics:

Swearing he would ne'er consent—consented.

Potter was quite touched to see the change in the Bishop. That good man





'A POWERFUL OIL LAMP'

had evidently fought hard against the dread anticipation of the uncongenial journey. His kindly face became all smiles, he checked himself humming an operatic fragment. Potter glowed with the consciousness of a kindly action well done. Besides, the Primate might one day come and dine in Bolton Gardens.

"Positively, I am ashamed of myself," said the Bishop. "But I am not going to be selfish. Is there anything we can do in return? I feel that nothing could repay you for this—er—stupendous kindness. Mr. Potter, I verily believe that you have saved my reason."

Potter expressed his delight. He began to dream of himself as Lord Potter and of Maria as leading a *salon* in Bolton Gardens.

"You can't do much," he chuckled, only you might keep your eye on the expressmen on the journey. I'm going to send the 'Rosy Cross' to my bankers by your train."

Lady Ella was deeply interested. Earlier in the evening she had examined and admired that wonderful stone. She declared herself to be thrilled. "You shan't lose it if I can help it," she said. "Good-night, Mr. Potter!"

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During the next day and a-half Vansittart found it necessary to leave his relatives to their own devices in Chicago. Had they seen and watched his movements they would have been both interested and puzzled.

By the next evening he was some four hundred miles by mail express along the line. There he alighted with some cases, which he proceeded to place in a buggy awaiting him. Then he drove off through the lonely country alone. Presently he

struck the railway-track again at a point where some scrub growing from a deep still part hung close to the edge of the rails. The work took some two hours, but at length it was finished. When Vansittart had completed his task, some sixty feet of the scrub was covered by a strong spongy net, such as acrobats used when fired from cannons, and such-like engaging occupations. Vansittart regarded the thing with satisfaction. The perspiration poured down his face.

But he had not finished yet. Some ten miles nearer to Chicago, in an equally desolate spot, stood a cluster of tall trees, one of which Vansittart proceeded to climb with some large brass instrument in his hand. • This was nothing more or less than a powerful oil lamp, which was fixed presently and lighted.

"There!" Vansittart muttered, in a self-satisfied tone, "I calculate that will burn for fifty-six hours; and nobody is likely to come along and disturb it. If they do, so much the worse for Potter. If all goes well and he does meet with an accident here, he won't come to any harm. And what a pleasant time the Bishop and Lady Ella will have afterwards."

Vansittart returned to his horses and drove back to the *depôt* where he had alighted. There was some time to wait for a western train, but it came at length; and long before Chicago was astir, the adventurer was back again. At breakfast-time the Honourable Augustus Vansittart lounged into the private apartment of his Grace of Croydon in his most used-up condition.

"You look as if you had been working hard," Lady Ella laughed.

"Awfully," came the drawling response. "Pon my word, I've quite an appetite."

## CHAPTER II.

WITHIN half-an-hour of the departure of the New York express a breathless individual burst, without ceremony, into Mr. Potter's office.

"My name is Barnes, and I am a detective from New York," he said. "I should have got here before only the rascals got wind of me, and I've been a

prisoner for two days. They think I'm safe for a few days."

"What the deuce *are* you talking about?" Potter demanded.

"I'm talking about the 'Rosy Cross,'" Barnes responded drily, "and I'm talking about the dear Bishop, and Lady Ella, and the Honourable Augustus to boot.

There's a very pretty plot afoot to swindle you out of your big diamond."

And Barnes proceeded to reel off a graphic story of personal abduction. He also proceeded to describe the plan for getting the big diamond from the safe.

to keep your marble, you must do as you're told. The thieves won't recognise me in this disguise, and we shall lay hands upon them yet. You run off to the Central Depôt and order a special train to be ready in half-an-hour."



"VANSITTART WAS UPON HIM"

"We must telegraph," Potter explained. "They've got my private Pullman, and——"

"The wire won't do," Barnes interrupted. "They may be safely off the train in two hours—perhaps the first stop at Fort Anson. Look here, I've got the thing all cut and dried, and if you want

"In the name of common sense, what for?"

"For you and I to pursue the fugitives. I calculate if we are off in an hour we shall catch the express at Winchester. It will be dark then, and we can step aboard the train without being noticed, only we are strangers, mind.

Then you'll have to go to the office and get an authority from the Company for their man to give you the package from the safe."

"Man, you are talking like an idiot."

"Nonsense," Barnes said confidently, "a man with your money can do anything. If you mean to allow your jewel to go without an effort, why——"

But Potter was not made of that class of stuff. Within fifty-seven minutes by the watch a special engine and car pulled out of Chicago, and, what was more, Potter had the Express Company's permit in his pocket. His mind did not dwell upon Bolton Gardens now: he groaned to himself as he thought of the cost of this little adventure. And Lady Ella——

Barnes rudely interrupted these gloomy meditations.

"I had better tell you what my plans are," he said. "How I got on the track of those folks matters little. I did get on it, anyway, and I discovered what their game was. Like most of us, I wanted to get all the *kudos* of a single-handed capture, and that's why I didn't come to you in the first place. I'd got everything ready—there's an empty berth and a pile of personal luggage waiting for me on the express now—when they lured me away as neatly as possible, and, I suppose, deemed me to be safe for a spell. Now, my idea is this. Directly you board the train, get your property, then go along to your private saloon and drop in on those people in the most natural way. Don't make any disguise about the special—say you are bound to catch up the express so as to be in New York on a certain day. Don't bother about me at all; I shall be all right. But whatever you do, get your property. As you do so, walk away whistling 'Yankee Doodle.' That will be my signal. The rest of the programme I'll tell you later on."

Potter listened carefully to these instructions. For the next hour or two he paced the saloon restlessly, a prey to the keenest anxiety. If they were to miss the train the consequences might be serious. And there was no stop after Winchester for eight hundred miles.

Barnes, on the other hand, was perfectly confident.

"I figured it all out carefully before we started," he said. "We shall have eight minutes to spare. We'll do those rascals yet."

This prophesy was fulfilled to the letter. It was quite dark by the time the special steamed into Winchester depôt, and the welcome tail-lights of the express made a pleasing picture in Potter's eyes.

"Now, don't forget," Barnes whispered, "get your gem first. I can do nothing until I know that you have it safely or otherwise. I'm going to my berth. When the time comes to strike, expect me. But not before."

Barnes went straight away for his berth with the carriage of a man who knows exactly what he is doing. When he emerged into the light again, strange to say, all trace of Barnes had disappeared, and the Hon. Augustus Vansittart stood in his stead. Then he hurried along to the Pullman. As he strolled gently in Lady Ella cried out: "Upon my word, you are too provoking," she said. "Here we have been worrying about you, and you are on the train all the time."

"I did it to punish you," said Vansittart, "you were so rude last night."

"And whose fault was that, pray?"

"Yours, of course," responded the imperturbable Augustus. "Still, I forgive you, my child. As a matter of fact, I did only catch the train by the skin of my teeth. I hope you are enjoying this unwonted splendour."

"For my part I regard it as a blessing," the Bishop said unctiously. "In the present condition of my nervous system, the absence of stir and chatter——"

"The Duchess of Mayfair is aboard," Lady Ella interrupted.

Vansittart lifted his eyebrows, although he knew the fact perfectly well. The Bishop groaned, for already the Duchess had proved the one fly in the clarity of his amber, her grace being a philanthropist who regarded a prelate as her natural prey.

Someone at this moment came down the corridor whistling "Yankee Doodle."

Vansittart's eyes flashed for an instant, then they resumed their sleepy expression. Then the door was pulled aside, and a pallid face with an uneasy grin on it looked in.

"Mr. Potter," Lady Ella cried, "are you a magician or——"

"'Uman, merely 'uman," Potter murmured. "Don't wonder you are surprised to see me. Fact is, directly you had gone I got a telegram that made it necessary to get to New York without delay. I chartered a special to catch you, and here I am."

Lady Ella expressed her pleasure. If she and the Bishop were acting they were doing it marvellously well. Not the slightest sign of uneasiness was to be detected. Potter began to feel a little more at his ease. If their bearing impressed him, it seemed pretty certain that their suspicions had not been aroused.

They sat chatting there for the next two hours. Then Vansittart rose under pretence of a desire to smoke. Some minutes later he looked in again.

"Sorry to disturb your little symposium," he said, "but the Duchess urgently desires to see her friend the Bishop. Shall she come here, or——"

He of Croydon rose with a smothered groan.

"No, no," he said; "of the two evils I would far rather go to

her Grace. Once she invades my little sanctum my peace will be broken for the rest of the voyage. A good woman, a most devout woman, Mr. Potter; but her voice—— Ella, will you accompany me? I shall get away all the sooner if you do."

Ella rose to her feet at once.

"Certainly," she said, cheerfully. "I



"A TYPICAL COWBOY"



will do anything you please. We shall be back as soon as we possibly can, Mr. Potter."

The door closed behind them. Potter measured Vansittart with his eye. The "Rosy Cross" in his pocket rendered him slightly nervous. Still, in a hand-to-hand struggle with a delicate youth like the one opposite—and Barnes was near. Vansittart drew back one of the sliding panels and stepped on to the gangway.

"It's too hot to be in there a night like this," he said.

He made no suggestion that Potter should join him, which was the reason, perhaps, why the other did so without hesitation. The express car gliding along with lightning speed, the low handrail would have been no protection in case of a struggle.

"What's that down the track yonder?" Potter asked presently. "That light."

"Don't know," Vansittart said carelessly; "it must be five or six miles away yet. Looks to me like a lantern burning on a hill."

"A signal of some kind, perhaps. All the same, I —"

Potter said no more. With a cat-like spring, Vansittart was upon him. There was not the slightest chance for the startled millionaire to cry out, for he was pinned down to the gangway with the grip of a vice, and a handkerchief drenched in some pungent smelling compound was rammed into his throat.

The next few seconds passed like a dream of minutes. Potter was vaguely conscious of nimble hands going over his pockets, of a low, pleased chuckle, and when he came to himself the gag was still in his mouth. As he scrambled to his feet, he was raised like a child and tossed over the handrail. Almost to a yard he alighted on the spot where Vansittart had intended. The scrub and moss and water broke the force of the fall. And when the discomfited millionaire rose, bruised and giddy, but otherwise unscathed, he could see the tail lamps of the express getting fainter and fainter in the night haze.

Panting and breathless from the struggle, Felix Gryde leaned against the rail. He had closed the panel behind

him; he stood in a strip of black darkness. On either side of him the train emitted a stream of dazzling light. Gryde smiled to himself, for the "Rosy Cross" was in his pocket, and his faithful beacon light flashed ahead. Not one of his carefully-laid plans had gone astray.

He heard the saloon door open, and Lady Ella's voice calling him.

"Coming," he replied. "Mr. Potter and I are discussing a little business. Don't open the slide—its fearfully dusty here."

Then Gryde stood up on the rail, and balanced himself as well as possible. As the train shot past the beacon lamp he began to count slowly up to ten.

"Neck or nothing," he muttered; "here goes!"

He launched himself with a spring into the blackness of the night. The next second was an eternity. Then he touched something; there was a rebound, an elastic thrill, as Gryde rolled over and over in the net. He had escaped with not so much as a single scratch.

The rest of the adventure was child's play. Gryde was not the man to leave anything undone. He knew exactly where he was and what to do next. By the time that daylight came the lantern, the net, plus the elegant Bond Street attire of the Hon. Augustus, were buried deep in a pool, and ere sunrise a typical cowboy was making his way across the plain in the direction of the thriving "city" of Birmingham.

• • • •

A few days later in the Central Hotel, New York, an angry and sore—with more senses than one—millionaire was having an anything but pleasant interview with the Chief of Police, the Bishop of Croydon and Lady Ella.

"I can assure you, Mr. Potter," said the official suavely, "your friends here are as innocent as yourself. And that they are really what they represent themselves to be, I am in a position to positively prove."

"We have been grossly deceived," quoth the Bishop. "That rascal, it turns out, was no relation to us at all. My

real nephew is on his way here, and until he got my cable was not aware of his good fortune. That swindler must have met my nephew, and gleaned enough family history to be able to blind us to his real character."

"And he looked like a gentleman," Potter groaned.

"Many thieves are well educated," said the Chief. "Indeed, a robbery of this kind could only have been planned and carried out by a man of marked intelligence. Probably he gleaned what you were going to do with your diamond, and the coming of the Bishop and Lady Ella to Chicago—which he could glean from the papers—gave him the inspiration. A man like that is always ready to turn opportunities to account."

Potter groaned again. Lady Ella looked sweetly sympathetic.

"He must have been clever in disguise," she said.

"You're right there," Potter moaned. "Fancy his acting two men to me like that, and I never tumbled. And you'll never catch him either."

The Chief smiled mysteriously. It was his duty to do so, but privately he was quite of Potter's opinion. Then followed an awkward silence. Lady Ella came to the rescue in her charming way as usual.

"Well," she said, "in any case we shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Potter. And when we get home I shall most assuredly make it a point to call at Bolton Gardens. Doubtless you will forgive us in time."

Potter grasped the proffered hand.

"I'm quite sure of one thing," he said; "if I don't, my wife will."





PORTLAND PLACE

## *The Lights of London*

WRITTEN BY FRANK WHELAN-BOYLE. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG



WITH the sole exception of Pekin, London is the worst lighted city in the world. Perhaps this is unjust to Pekin, for there the streets average 8 feet 5½ inches in width, and a single lantern will illuminate fifty yards or so. If you would know how wretchedly the greatest city in the world can treat its noblest thoroughfare in this re-

spect, take a walk down Portland Place any evening when the moon is not at its full. If you can see across the road by the light of poor flickering gas lamps, you are to be congratulated—you are in no need of an oculist, and night-glasses would be a superfluity. This, no doubt, is the worst example of municipal ineptitude, but the truth is that the whole of

London is more or less in the experimental stage of street lighting. Electricity is still on its trial—it has been a long trial, but the verdict can scarcely be given yet—and it is by no means certain that electricity will supply the street light of the future. Within the last few years, however, it has made enormous strides in this direction. St. Pancras, Hampstead and Islington have all started municipal installations and made them financially successful, while other undertakings are in progress in various parts of the metropolis. Shore-ditch will probably be the next vestry to commence a municipal supply, its combined works for burning dust and refuse and generating electricity being well advanced. Hammersmith also had its works approaching completion, while the following districts have either schemes before them or hold provisional orders allowing them to promote schemes

which is not quite the same thing:—Battersea, Bermondsey, Camberwell, Hackney, Lambeth, Poplar, Newington and Whitechapel. The supply of electric light, it may be said, by the way, is a fairly profitable business, though scarcely at present so attractive an investment as gas, for the three great companies concerned in the latter, with a capital of under fifteen millions, pay over a million a year in dividends. The private electric lighting companies have not the same

value" of their undertakings, without any addition in respect to compulsory sale or goodwill. There are eleven electric lighting companies in London, and all the central districts are supplied by them. In some cases there is competition between them, which is naturally good for the consumer and tends to keep dividends within reasonable limits.

Electric lighting for street purposes is, of course, no new thing. As far back as 1878, the Jablochkoff system was



PICCADILLY CIRCUS FROM ST. JAMES'S

power as gas companies, and are not as a rule monopolies like the water companies. The local authorities have only themselves to blame for allowing companies to come in at all, for under the Electric Lighting Act the Board of Trade gives the preference in granting provisional orders and licences to an application from a municipal body. The worst of it is that companies, when once installed, cannot be bought out, except by friendly agreement, until after forty-two years. At the end of that period they will be entitled to receive the "then

tried on the Victoria Embankment, and within the next few years installations of other systems were made on the Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges. But none of these places are lighted by electricity now. The experiment on so extensive a scale was premature, and met the fate of all such experiments. Since then this particular system, as opposed to the incandescent electric lamp, which is used mainly for lighting buildings, has been vastly improved, but even now it is by no means perfect. The lamp that flickers and the lamp

that fails altogether are still to be found in the City, in Euston Road, in the Holloway Road, Islington, at Hampstead—that is to say, in every installation for street purposes, and until this difficulty has been surmounted, the ideal light will still be to seek.

Some experts still pin their faith, so to speak, to gas. The introduction of electric light has had a wide influence, quite apart from its own peculiar virtues, for it has spurred the makers of gas-burners to feats undreamt of when gas had the field to itself. All kinds of devices to increase the illuminating powers of gas have been the result, and in many cases multiplex gas-burners have been adopted by local authorities for street lighting. These also, for the most part, are in the experimental stage. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the strange variety of lamps which one may see in a walk through the London streets; the collection of different pavements, though numerous enough in all conscience, is nothing to it. The eye is wearied by the constant change from small, sullen, yellow gas jets through all gradations to the brilliant light of the arc lamp. And the lighting has apparently proceeded on the principle that the best thoroughfares should be the worst lighted. Taking the West End as a whole, the scheme of street lighting is absolutely beneath contempt. Never was there greater need for the "League of Light" which Mr. G. R. Sims in a moment of inspiration suggested for the adoption of shopkeepers of the West End. This sweeping assertion has during the last few months been amended by the lighting of Piccadilly, Regent Street, and other thoroughfares within the area of the St. James's Vestry, by arc lights, which, though not monuments of beauty, are at least not aggressively ugly. The Vestry has, foolishly, as some people think, though probably the shareholders of the company who have performed the work do not share that view, "farmed out" the installation instead of making it themselves. They have, still more foolishly, as those who use Piccadilly for other than pedestrian purposes are unanimous in agreeing,

adopted the central roadway system which, though in very broad thoroughfares is admirably adapted to keep the traffic well under control, is in such places as Piccadilly a delusion and a snare, and calculated to bring the hairs of the average 'bus driver in sorrow to a police court.

A brief digression upon the question of central roadway lighting will here be plausible. The present writer has been at some pains to discover the bent of authority on the matter, with the result that the system is condemned as unsuitable for all streets which are not unusually wide, unless they are burdened with very little traffic. Now, these are qualities which can be applied to comparatively few of the highways of London. At present there are not above five or six in which the central system has been adopted, and of these only the Euston Road and Victoria Street can be said to be at all suitable for the purpose. The latter is lighted by gas from the centre at long intervals, in addition to the ordinary lamps. Euston Road is broad, and the centre electric lighting, aided by the blowholes of the underground railways, serves usefully to keep the heavy traffic in order, as well as provide convenient refuges for timid wayfarers. But in Tottenham Court Road, where the masts of the St. Pancras Electric Lighting Department were first elevated, the little islands serve but as impediments to the boisterous stream of traffic which commonly flows north and south. On one recent occasion, when a 'bus broke down, it blocked the whole of one side of the roadway, and the other side being under repair, the wreck had to be lifted bodily out of the way before the traffic could be resumed. The central system, it goes without saying, is better for lighting purposes, but there are many other considerations to be taken into account. For the bulk of our suburban thoroughfares, for instance, it would be impossible owing to the tram lines, unless these were entirely re-organised. On the whole it seems probable that our streets will continue to be lighted from the side walk unless some system of suspending lamps on cross wires and without standards is contrived.





WESTMINSTER BRIDGE BY NIGHT

The St. Pancras Vestry was the first to undertake street lighting by electricity and the first to offer a supply of current for commercial and house purposes. It



appeared, therefore, the proper thing to obtain from the gentleman who has been responsible for these two installations and who still controls them, some information regarding the pioneer municipal system in the metropolis, and, if possible, some views on street electric lighting in general. Mr. Sydney W. Baynes, the chief electrical engineer, most courteously acquiesced in this view, and the paragraphs which follow embody the facts which he placed at the disposal of *The Ludgate*.

"The vestry started its electric street lighting on Lord Mayor's Day, 1891, when Tottenham Court Road and the greater part of Euston Road were illuminated from the centre. We shall probably not use that method again, as it involves several difficulties. Nor shall we put up lamps as high as 25 feet in future. The experience of the last six years has taught us that 20 feet is the best elevation for all purposes. In the following year the system was extended in the Euston Road and to the Hampstead Road, an addition of 16 lamps to

the 28 already in position. The cost of the latter was £55 each, and the former only £40 4s. They are Brockiespiel arc lights, burning thirty-two hours without refilling—that is to say, for two days in the winter time. In 1893 we added fifty-two more lights in Park Street, Hampstead Road, and Camden Road; and in the following year two in Goodge Street. These were all 23 feet in height." These facts are, perhaps, not of consuming interest to the general public, but they form an accurate record, published for the first time to the world, of what the first municipality in London to adopt electric street lighting has done.

"We have rested for three years; the installation was, after all, an experiment, though one not undertaken before being very carefully thought out. It has paid



—we have satisfied the ratepayers, who are, naturally, the most important people in the matter, and during the present year we are going to erect ninety-four

more lamps, just about doubling the present number. These will be put up in Gray's Inn Road, as far as the parish boundary, in St. Pancras Road, in Great College Street, in Kentish Town Road and in Fortress Road to the parish boundary on the north. We shall, in a word, then have a continuous line of electric street-lighting from north to south. More than that, the Hampstead Vestry, which started business about two years ago, will join our lights

with theirs in the Chalk Farm Road, so there will be a continuous line from Haverstock Hill to the Tottenham Court Road. And more even than that, our system on the east connects with that of Islington, the third municipality in the metropolis to undertake this work. Yes, it is certainly rather curious that the north and north-west should be thus lighted while the rest of London, with small exception, remains unmoved and satisfied with gas. Our new lamps will be 20 feet high and of the closed arc variety.

"As to the reliability of the light, I can only say that it is not at present all that we could wish, yet very seldom does it go wrong. The danger of failure will be reduced to a minimum when the complete installation is effected. The whole of the street lighting will then be arranged on the high and low tension systems, that is to say, alternate lamps will be attached to either system, and nothing short of a total collapse of the two generating stations could possibly destroy the light.

"The days of the lamplighter over? O, I don't think so. Arc lamps want

cleaning just the same as gas lamps, and then there is the fixing of the carbons every two or three days. It does not require a skilled electrician to do the work; an ordinary labourer can manage it after very little instruction. No, I don't think that the lights go wrong from carelessness in fixing the carbon. Have you ever noticed how sometimes, when a lamp has failed, the passing of a tramcar or omnibus will put it right. That, of course, is the result of vibration, which brings the carbon points on speaking terms again.

"Incandescent lamps? Yes; more reliable, but too expensive for street lighting. Many years ago I lighted a portion of Norwich with the incandescent lamp, and the results were so unsatisfactory that we were compelled to take them down and substitute arc lamps. You see, two incandescent lamps of 32-candle power burn as much energy as an arc lamp of 500 candles, which makes it almost prohibitive for street-lighting. They might, perhaps, manage it at Brighton, for there each gas lamp costs £4 per annum. Here in St. Pancras our gas lamps cost £3. As regards the

question of economy, each arc light puts out four and a-half gas lamps, but then they give thirteen times as much light. Their cost is £39 8s. 9d. It would not be fair to compare that with the cost of the old gas system; we make our profit, of course, out of the private consumer. Another point with regard to economy. At one o'clock in the morning half the lamps are turned off, leaving

quite enough light for people who are out after that—there is, in fact, still six times as much as the ordinary gas lamps supply in other thoroughfares.

"The Refuse Destroyer? Well, I am afraid that the theory of getting your electrical supply from the products of



the dustbin is pretty well exploded. Of course, apart from the advantages of a refuse destructor *per se*, you can get some power from it; but it is an unknown quantity, and depends upon the quality of the refuse. You must be prepared to burn some coal constantly, and at night all coal."

It is astonishing to find how little power is required to supply the present street lighting of St. Pancras. Mr. Baynes, with justifiable pride, showed me over the station, close to the Tottenham Court Road, where everything is as trim and compact as the engine-room of a man-of-war. There are a dozen or more

engines and dynamos there, but all except one are for the house and shop lighting. The engine which supplies all the power for the street lamps is a Wellan's of 86 horse-power, making about 450 revolutions a minute and coupled direct to the dynamo. This station is about to be enlarged, and when the alterations are completed, a huge shaft, more imposing even than that in King's Road, where the refuse destructor is, will throw its shadow over the neighbourhood.

From an artistic point of view, none of the lamps and standards at present in use are quite perfect. They almost all recall Euclid's definition of a line—length without breadth—which perhaps is inevitable under the circumstances, for the ratepayers cannot be expected to spend their money in erecting elegant monuments for a merely utilitarian purpose. Perhaps the type which the Hampstead Vestry has erected are the best, though the Islington lamp runs it hard. The others—in St. Pancras, in the City, in Piccadilly, must be called ugly—though as far as St. Pancras is concerned the lamps which are about to be erected are a vast improvement on the old ones. In the city also, there are exceptions in the

smaller byways. Friday Street, Bow Lane, and Watling Street, all supply examples of what, under the peculiar circumstances, street lighting ought to be. Here not one, but several designs have been employed, and in one case, at least, the incandescent light is used; a light which certainly lends itself more to decorative effect than the arc. Not to be behindhand the municipal patrons of gas have in places erected very handsome standards, though they are, perhaps, more massive than beautiful.

A word in conclusion with regard to a proposal which well deserves a wider notice than it appears to have achieved. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing at the latter end of last year on the subject of a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, says: "It has occurred to me that the lighting of our streets and parks might well be used for the commemoration of our great men. Drinking fountains have already been made to serve this end; why not public lamps of beautiful design? Stevenson, as do all children, old or young, felt the charm and excitement of the lamp-lighter's office, and the leaping brilliancy of his genius would be not inaptly illustrated by kindling in his honour a beacon to shine upon men's common walks. Fitting sites at once suggest themselves in London and Edinburgh, and suitable materials. Only let the light itself be lovely; not the 'horribly unearthly' glare of naked electricity, such as should 'shine only on murders and public crimes,' as Stevenson himself



says (*Virginibus Puerisque: A Plea for Gas Lamps*)."

There is a good deal to be said for this proposal, but it had better be left to experts to say it.

# *The Tale of a Terrier*

WRITTEN BY HENRY MARTLEY. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK

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**W**HEN Professor Etlinger fell in love, he did not behave himself as an elderly scientist should. Fiction has taught us to know and love the elderly scientist under the circumstances. The white-haired benevolent old man emerges from lifelong studies in his laboratory, and his eyes fall dreamily through his spectacles on a fresh young girl. Two endings are then possible. Either the fresh young girl marries another man and the Professor sees his mistake and goes pathetically back to his laboratory, or, another and more popular ending, she proposes to him in a charming winsome way, because he is too absent-minded to do so himself.

But, as I say, Professor Etlinger behaved himself unprofessionally. Perhaps he felt that, being neither white-haired nor benevolent, nor endowed with spectacles, he could not act the part properly. Also, though he possessed a laboratory where he made strange smells, he had not lived there all his life. As a matter of fact, he was an exceedingly wide-awake grizzled man, who from his conversation, we gathered, had seen most places in the world. Who he was we did not exactly know. I have always suspected him of being a German, though he denied the accusation, and spoke English perfectly. We were also ignorant of his reasons for settling in Elm-borough. Some of the inhabitants conjectured him to be a coiner, seeking quiet, while others attributed his presence to the excellence of our gravel soil. Personally I had never troubled myself about him till it became apparent that he was paying attentions to Elsie Wilmot. It seemed exceedingly silly of so clever a man to do such a thing, because the announcement of Elsie's engagement to Jack Anstruther was a mere matter of

weeks: but the Professor did begin to pay her attention, and he did it rather well. When he chose to talk he was the best talker that I ever heard. I looked on with amusement at the duel, knowing that girls do not fall in love even with the best books of travels.

About half way through the Long Vacation Jack proposed and was accepted. I met him on his way back from the Wilmots on the day of the fateful event, and he was as deliriously excited as though it had been totally unexpected. After giving him my congratulations and listening to his ravings for a few minutes, I resumed my walk. Shortly afterwards I sighted the Professor ahead of me, and I chuckled maliciously. When I had overtaken him and had passed the time of day with him, I inquired whether he had heard the news? These I told him as flatly and plumply as I could. Being a man of the world he managed to conceal his feelings fairly well, but there was a look about his eyes which somewhat surprised me. It was a look more of amusement than anger. I concluded that he had taken his defeat philosophically as a part of the futility of the female mind.

In a day or two Jack told me casually that Miss Wilmot had lost her fox terrier Gipsy, and was greatly disturbed at the loss. At the time I made some foolish remark about the course of true love, and thought no more of the matter. After a few days I went with Jack to the Wilmots one Sunday afternoon, and then for the first time I began to be puzzled.

As we walked up the drive to the house I heard Mrs. Wilmot's voice from the window, "Elsie, please come in and sit down. You've been doing nothing but run up and down the lawn for the last half hour."





"'I'M CERTAIN THERE'S A MOUSE ON THE CURTAIN'"

I smiled, for I knew Miss Wilmot ordinarily to be lazy and languorous, and I made a mental note of the impatience of lovers.

She came round the corner of the house and I remarked a change in her.

Her walk I knew well, but that day she moved with a kind of slouch. When we came into the house I still observed her, and there was an unaccountable something about her which disturbed me. We had been talking politely to

Mrs. Wilmot for a few minutes, when Elsie suddenly exclaimed :

"Mother, I'm certain there's a mouse on the curtain."

Poor Mrs. Wilmot stood up and drew her dress about her with apprehension.

Elsie got down on her knees to examine the curtain.

"O, Jack," she exclaimed, "isn't it fun? Won't we just kill it if we can get it?"

"Elsie, come here," said Jack with a pained look and almost roughly. I had known Elsie from childhood, and from my knowledge of her I should not have thought Jack's tone was exactly the way to persuade her. However, she got up submissively and came back to her chair.

"Have you heard anything of Gipsy?" I asked, wishing to change the conversation.

"Nothing," answered Mrs. Wilmot.

"You must miss him dreadfully, Elsie," I suggested.

"O, Gipsy?" she said jauntily; "I don't know that I ever cared much for the little beast. He used to run about on four legs and bark and that kind of thing."

"Why, of course he walked about on four legs," I answered with a puzzled feeling.

"Of course," she said hastily and flushed. "I say, Jack, don't you think we might all go for a good, fast walk? Do let's be jolly and sensible."

Mrs. Wilmot saved Jack from the good, fast walk, and I soon afterwards took my leave. I was not exactly happy in my mind about the engagement; but Jack said nothing, and I concluded that I had intervened in an interval of difference of opinion, and that Elsie was merely teasing Jack in an elaborate way.

After a week or two Jack and I returned to Oxford—we were both at the same college. Jack was moody and abstracted, but a young man takes even his most intimate friend as he finds him, and I thought little of the subject. However, about a fortnight after the beginning of term, Jack and I were loafing in his rooms when we noticed the sound of a disturbance in the Lodge.

We heard the porter objurgating and the yelp of a kicked and frightened dog. He moved to the window and looked out.

"No," he gasped; "it can't be. Yes, it is. Gipsy!"

He ran into the Quad, and sure enough it was Gipsy, who was being pursued by an enraged porter, assisted by two amused scouts. The dog rushed up to him and leaped round him with wild cries of joy. Jack picked him up and carried him to his rooms, regardless of the porter. He fed him and laid him on the sofa. Gipsy slept uneasily, and at intervals raised his head and gazed at Jack with a wistful, yearning look. Jack could not understand the matter. The animal was splashed and draggled, and had evidently travelled a long way.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" asked Jack. "It seemed as if he came to look for me. But that's absurd, the beast always used to hate me. By-the-by, I hope it is Gipsy, and not some other man's dog."

He rose and looked at the collar. Yes, there plain enough was Elsie's name and address.

"Poor little beast," said he; "how did he get here?"

The dog licked his face in a wild ecstasy of affection.

"By Jove, it is queer. But I can't keep him here. I must get someone in the town to keep him till I can send him back to Elsie."

After lunch Jack and I sallied out with the dog to seek a temporary home for the latter in a neighbouring stable. In the porch we stopped to read the notices on the board, and turned to behold before us, Briggs, our junior dean, who had lately entered on his duties as Proctor. Briggs was an unpleasant, fussy person, even as an ordinary Don, and he had been exercising the authority of his newly-acquired office in a way that disgraced even a Proctor.

"Your dog, Mr. Anstruther?" he inquired, with a savage look at Gipsy, who slunk timidly away.

"The animal," he continued, acidly, as it tried to edge out of the door, "appears

to have a better acquaintance with the college regulations than its master. Are you not aware that dogs are forbidden in college?"

"Well," replied Jack, "I am taking him out. The rule only says that dogs must not be brought in."

"Your remark, sir," said Briggs, severely, "is an impertinent quibble."

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Briggs," answered Jack, "but this dog has come a long way to see me, and there are circumstances — private circumstances

—which have led me to break the rules."

"Mr. Anstruther," rejoined the Proctor, savagely, "I have already expressed my opinion of your conduct in bringing the dog into college, and you don't diminish your offence by inventing frivolous excuses. You shall hear more of this, sir. Your attendance at chapel has been very irregular, and I strongly suspect that you were one of those who were playing football in the Quadrangle last night."

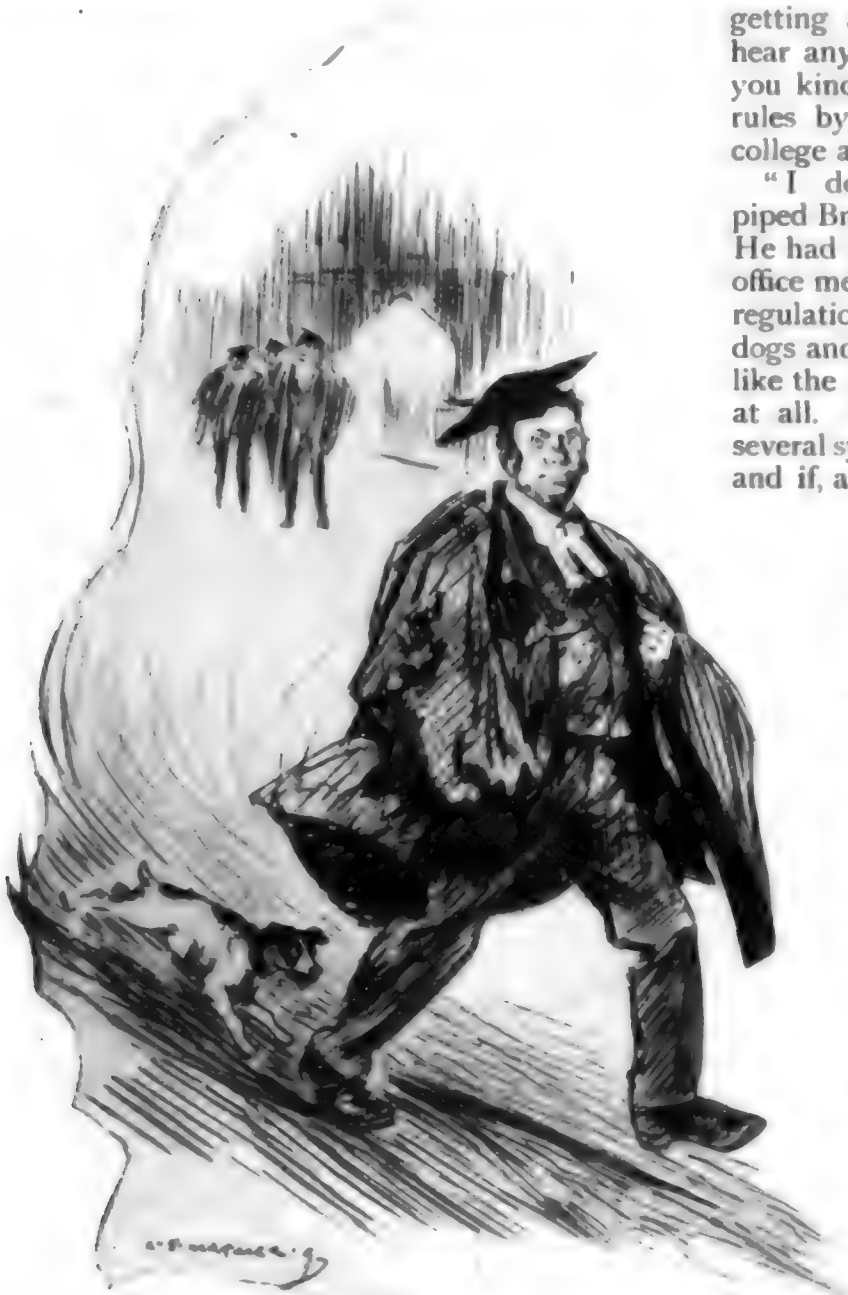
"At least," said Anstruther, getting angry, "I don't want to hear any more of it now. Will you kindly allow me to obey the rules by taking my dog out of college at once?"

"I don't know about that," piped Briggs, in his squeaky voice. He had already made his term of office memorable by some absurd regulations about undergraduates' dogs and hydrophobia. "I don't like the look of that dog of yours at all. It seems to me to have several symptoms of hydrophobia, and if, as you say, and the dog's appearance suggests, it has travelled a long way, it may have come from some infected district. I'm strongly inclined to have it killed under the new regulations."

Gipsy uttered a low growl.

"It is," said the Proctor, "a most dangerous dog. You must have it examined at once, and it's my opinion that it ought to be killed."

Then were the hearts of several undergraduates gladdened by the sight of a fat and angry Proctor pursued across the Quad by a fox-terrier, with bristling mane and angry voice. Terror gave Briggs speed for some twenty



"PURSUED ACROSS THE QUAD BY A TERRIER"

yards, but then he remembered his dignity, and Zeus put it into the heart of the outraged man to stop and kick. The dog fixed its teeth in the fleshy part of his calf, worried it sharply, and then trotted back to Jack. The victim nursed his wounded limb for a moment or two, and rose and walked gravely into the Lodge.

"Mr. Anstruther," he said stiffly, "you have displayed conduct lacking that respect which every gentleman owes to every lady. I must ask you to take me back to my mother."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Jack to me. "The old boy's so frightened that he's gone a little dotty. I'll get Gipsy out of the way, if you'll see after Briggs."

I helped him up his staircase. He seemed dazed, and once took off his cap and looked at it in a puzzled way. I thought I heard him mutter "What a bonnet!" but I was not sure. However, on reaching his rooms, he pulled himself together, and dismissed me with his usual dignity, assuring me, as was the fact, that the wound was a slight one.

I had been dining at another college, and was returning late, congratulating myself that, though I was without cap and gown, the dog-bite would keep old Briggs from lurking near the college, as was his habit. However, to my annoyance, when I turned a corner, I ran straight into that functionary and his bulldogs, and I mentally anathematised his excessive sense of duty.

"Proctor wishes to speak to you, sir," said a bulldog.

"But, my dear Marshal," I heard the Proctor say hurriedly in a low tone to that official, "what will people say if I am seen talking to young men in the streets at night?"

"Why, sir," replied the Marshal with some astonishment, "I dunno' as how they'll say anything different to what they allus does."

"But they'll say such dreadful things about me," persisted the Proctor.

"Well, sir," said the other with a suppressed chuckle, "gentlemen allus does speak rather severely of the Proctor, axing your pardon, sir."

Briggs gave a start, pressed his hand

to his forehead and said, "Of course, of course." Then he turned to me and inquired rather tremulously: "Are you a member of this University, sir?"

I gave him my name and college, thinking it rather an unnecessary formality considering how well he knew me.

"Well, Mr. Trevor, I must ask you to call on me to-morrow at ten," he began. Then a spasm shot across his face. "I mean—hee-hee-hee—my mother would be very pleased if you'd drop in after breakfast to-morrow."

He blushed deeply and cast down his eyes. I looked at the Marshal; the Marshal gazed at me. We both turned our eyes in consternation at the Proctor. There was an awkward silence. Then the Marshal said: "Hadn't you better be getting home, sir?" adding to me in an undertone that Mr. Briggs was very queer that night.

"Yes," simpered the Proctor, "I really think I must be going now. *Au revoir*, Mr. Trevor, don't forget to call on us."

I went back to college filled with mystification; a horrible suspicion was beginning to enter my mind, and I thought over it for awhile. Then I decided to visit Chatterjee. Chatterjee was an elderly Indian who lived in the back Quad, and I was rather interested in him. I dabbled a little in hypnotism, and had discussed with him that question and other questions connected with the unseen. He could certainly do some curious tricks. Chatterjee was, fortunately, still up; and when I had told him the facts that led to my suspicion, he replied:

"There's only one thing I don't understand about it. Is there anyone in your part of the country who knows anything?"

"I suppose you mean a person who's been to India?" I said.

"Quite so," he replied.

It then flashed across me that Professor Etlinger had been in India for several years, and that he had been in love with Elsie.

"It's quite clear now," he said. "I can prove it easily."

He poured some ink into a slop-basin, and asked me to look firmly at it. In a

few minutes I saw in a blurred mist the forms of Elsie and Gipsy. What is more, I could hear them speak to each other.

"What is to be done, Gipsy?" asked Elsie.

"I don't know," said Gipsy, with a dejected depression of his tail. "I want to go back and be a terrier again."

"And I want to be a girl," wailed Elsie.

"I suppose you'd like it," said Gipsy.

he said he could give me a much better one, and who do you think it was?"

"Who?" asked Elsie.

"Why, that little brute Jowler that I could lick any day—and I will, too, if ever I can get back again. I told the Squire I'd kill him if he said such a thing again, and he went away rather hastily."

"O, Gipsy!" said Elsie, reproachfully.

"That's it," said Gipsy. "I never can



"CHATTERJEE TOOK THE BOWL AWAY"

"I did at first; but I find it awfully slow. One always has to be sitting down, and one isn't allowed to shout. Besides, there's that horrid little curate, who will come and talk about Browning and Ruskin and people like that."

"Poor Gipsy," said Elsie, "even I could hardly stand him."

"And then," continued Gipsy, "there's that horrid old Squire. What do you think the old brute said the other day? He told me that I oughtn't to mind losing that terrier of mine, because he was such a badly bred little beast. And

be allowed to behave sensibly. Why, I was just having a rat-hunt in the pigsty ——"

Then Chatterjee took the bowl away.

"It's perfectly simple," he said. "Professor Etlinger stole the dog, and changed its soul with the girl's soul. That is child's play to a man who knows anything. Then the dog escaped and bit Briggs, and when a man-beast like that—there are hundreds of them in my country—bites anyone, that person always gets a sort of human hydrophobia from the dog."



"It's too horrible," I said. "Can nothing be done? Is there no cure?"

"O, the cure is quite simple," he said: "if the dog bites the girl, the souls would change again."

"And what about Briggs?" I asked.

"O, he would recover. And," he added, "Professor Etlinger would die. It's a risky thing to do what he's done. That's why you hear of it so seldom. If you want a cure, just let me speak to the dog for a few minutes, and then send it to the girl."

I thanked Chatterjee, and soon afterwards went to bed with my head in a whirl. Next day Chatterjee interviewed Gipsy for a few minutes, and I induced Jack to telegraph and send the dog home by the afternoon train.

Two days afterwards Jack got a letter from Elsie. I had ceased to be surprised at anything, and only recognised the obvious when Jack informed me that Gipsy had bitten her, that she was in such delight at recovering the dog that she took the occurrence as a joke, and that Professor Etlinger had died suddenly. That ended quite happily, perhaps, the oddest episode that I can vouch for as true from personal knowledge. I have only to add that Briggs had to resign his Proctorship, and retired to the country for awhile, but returned afterwards no worse and no better for what the doctors declared to be a slight nervous derangement brought on by overwork.



THE RIVER OF DREAMS



THE HOSPITAL

## *A Modern Miracle*

CONCERNING THE UNCRIPPLING OF CRIPPLES

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KIGHT FROM PHOTOS

**W**E have all read veracious accounts of the miracles wrought by holy intercession at Lourdes. We most of us have heard of the marvels achieved by the timely aid of the bones of St. Boniface, the cranium of St. Josse, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica. But it is from none of these I am going to tell. The miracle I have discovered in the course of an erratic wandering abroad is not due to the supernatural. It is a human miracle, the outcome of the genius of a great philanthropist who prefers to hide his light under the comparative commonplace bushel of science. The mystery man in this instance is a surgeon, and the miracle—the transformation of cripples into useful and sightly members of society.

Berck is a small town situated in the south of the Pas-de-Calais, midway between Boulogne and Abbeville. It is

a sleepy town of 6,000 inhabitants, and is situated about two miles from the sea. It has a suburb—which has sprung up of late years on the sandhills which skirt the English Channel—which is known as Berck Plage; and from small beginnings this erstwhile fishing village—for such it used to be—has grown into a fashionable watering-place, much patronised by Parisians and largely resorted to by invalids and delicate children. For Berck Plage is probably the most healthy place in Northern Europe. The air resembles that of Margate, but that it is sheltered from the North and entirely free from the excursionist and rowdy element. The air is peculiar and stimulating to a degree, and the place has for some years been regarded as the chief sanatorium of Northern France. It is here that rickety children are sent, and the unfortunate inheritors of hereditary scrofula are treated, to the number of

700 at a time, in the great Hospital Maritime, established and maintained by the "Administration General de l'Assistance Public" of Paris, while similar cases are also catered for at the splendid Rothschild Hospital founded in memory of Baron James de Rothschild.

Among the surgeons who practise at Berck Plage is Dr. Calot, who has for many years made a special study of the

unpretentious enthusiast, and fearful lest he should be misled by first success, which might subsequently blossom into failure, he decided to keep his own counsel until he had satisfied himself that any results achieved were permanent. The period fixed as settling this point was thirty months, and as this has only just expired, the surgeon only now permits his discovery to be given to the

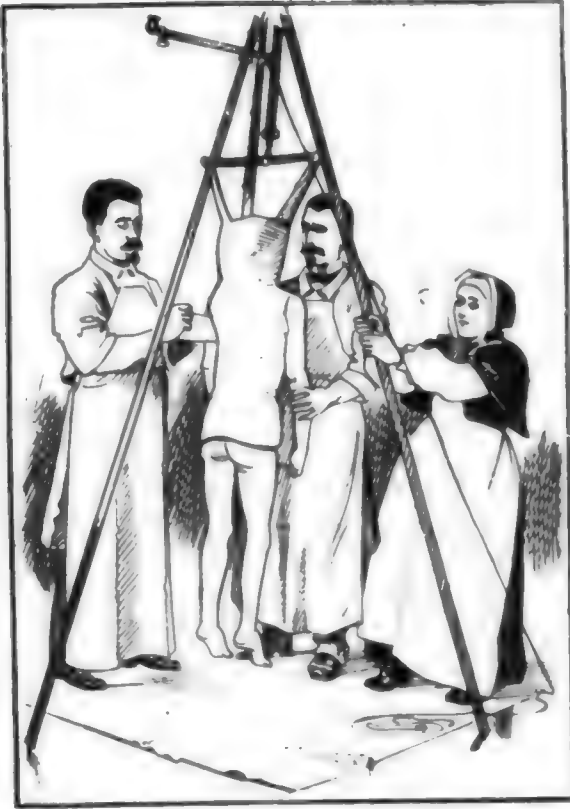


THE OPERATION

diseases of the bones. This surgeon was long greatly impressed by the terrible deformities which rickety and scrofulous children were liable to, and he set about experimenting with cases of deformed spine, in the hope of being able to mitigate, if not cure, that most unsightly of abnormalities, hump back. Dr. Calot's actual experiments were begun in 1895, and have been continued for two and a-half years. But little was said about the experiments, for the surgeon is an

world, and I am, I believe, the first writer who has dealt with the subject of this article in print.

Without going into technical details, or inflicting a medical lecture on my readers, the gist of Dr. Calot's method is this: Given a hunchback, male or female, provided they be young—in the case of a boy, under fifteen, or a girl, under twenty—the surgeon will undertake to make him or her straight whether the hump was in existence at birth or



THE SUSPENSION (1)

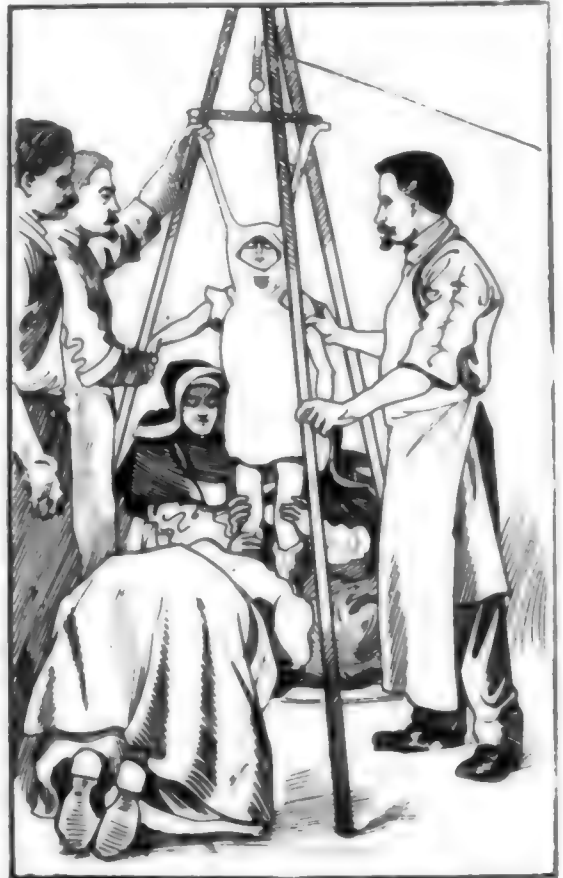
whether it developed subsequently. The question of degree does not affect the cure except as to the time taken. A slight curvature of the spine, or a pronounced hump, are all the same to this modern magician. He makes them vanish with a few passes of his skilful hands, the time necessary to effect a complete cure varying from seven months in the case of a slight deformity taken in its early stage, to thirty months.

And this miracle is effected, so far as the actual operation is concerned, without any other instrument than the surgeon's hands! Indeed, like all great achievements, the method employed is extremely simple, and suggestive of the oft-recurring wonder inherent to the discoveries of others, as to how it is that no one else thought of it before? Briefly, and omitting all technicalities, Dr. Calot's treatment consists in the stretching of the spine which has grown, or is growing, crooked, until it attains a normal outline. Having wrought the crippled column into its desired shape, the patient's body is enveloped in a mould in such a way as to render it impossible for his bones to

grow other than straight. The sufferer is then well fed and his growth encouraged in every way until, after an interval short or long, according to the individuality of the sufferer and the acuteness of the deformity, it is found that he, or she, is growing, and that the spine is accommodating itself to the growth in the proper shape. More than thirty sufferers have been thus operated on during the past two and a-half years, and all are doing well.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the details of the operations. Having been accorded the fullest facilities for inspecting the Hospital Cazin-Perrochaud, I am as much astonished at the simplicity both of the operation and the subsequent treatment as am I at the result achieved. The accompanying illustrations, taken from actual photographs from life, will explain all that is necessary both as to the actual operation and the result to the patient.

The little sufferer in the case I am describing—a terribly deformed child of



THE SUSPENSION (2)

two and a-half—is taken to the operating room, which is used chiefly because of the excellent light. The operation could, as a matter of fact, be equally well performed anywhere else.



A DEFORMED CHILD

There are present: Dr. Calot, a couple of assistants, and five or six nurses. The little cripple is undressed, and, after being laid on the table, chloroformed by one of the assistants. As soon as the patient is unconscious, its extremities are grasped by the nurses, as shown in our illustration, who pull against one another. While the patient is thus being extended, Mons. Calot, who has previously carefully examined the malformation in the sufferer and has studied the exact structure of its misshapen bones by the aid of the Röntgen rays, manipulates the hump, which is not a mass of flesh growing on the child's back, but a malformation caused by the growing out of its spine. And the surgeon works hard. He presses, and he kneads, until in a very short time, five or six minutes in all, the combined result of the pulling and the pressing is to be seen in the practical disappearance of the hump. In other words, the young bones, which in the case of a child are comparatively soft and pliable, have been compressed into something like their proper position, and with their repression, the hunchback is turned into a straight one.

But the child is not cured. Indeed, if left to itself the spine will soon bulge out again, and possibly assert its individuality of becoming more humpish than before. To prevent this the patient, still under chloroform, is placed in a specially constructed jacket, bound with straps, and suspended from a tripod, as shown in the annexed photograph. It is hung so that its body swings just clear of the floor, so that it sways slightly straight from head to heel. While thus supported the child is swathed in linen saturated with plaster

of Paris, which is carefully pressed round the re-formed body so as to exactly grip it; and the plaster, drying speedily, forms a cuirass which no spine, however perverse, could press out of shape.

The patient remains bound in this swathing for a couple of months. At first he is naturally fidgety, and requires watching; but after a week or so he gets used to the restraint, and is proof against the attacks of "pins and needles" and cramp which in the early days make his life a trial. Some children are more impatient of restraint than others, but I have the authority of the Sister Superior of the ladies who act as nurses in the hospital that such a thing as even a touch of fever is unknown. The patient is under constant inspection, and at the end of about two months the bandages are cut off, and after a very careful examination at the hands of Dr. Calot re-bound. And so the patient is kept braced up in such a way that the bones can only grow in the way which the surgeon desires.

In the end, the hunchback, the deformed, the cripple, destined to go through the world an object for pity and compunction, is a thing of the past, and in its place we see a lithe and lissome boy or girl, fit and able to lead a useful life, and romp and run about with their fellows to their heart's content.

Is not this a modern miracle?



THE SAME CHILD 3½ MONTHS AFTER THE OPERATION

The first cases treated by Dr. Calot are just cured, and are being finally discharged from the hospital. I have seen these cases, have spoken to the little patients, have, at the suggestion of the Sister Superior, and with the consent of the children themselves, imitated certain members of the London County Council, and examined their backs; and I own that I was staggered at the evidence of the triumph of science over Nature.



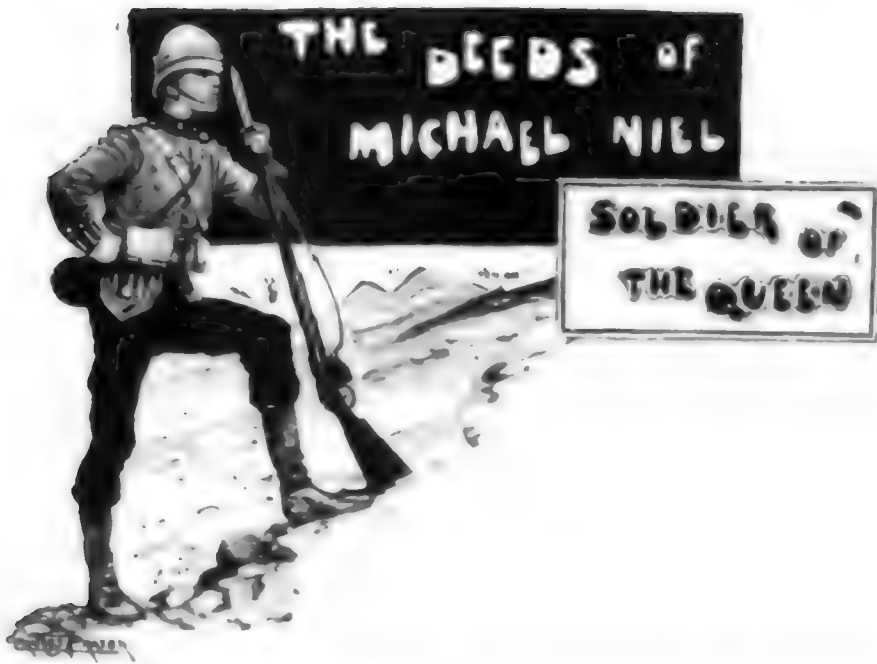
The Hospital Cazin-Perrochaud is not an establishment run as a commercial speculation; neither is it a public charity: the patients are expected to pay a very small sum to defray the cost of their board. With Dr. Calot, to relieve suffering humanity by performing miracles is a labour of love, and the hospital, the only one of its kind in existence, serves

an additional purpose for the teaching of other medical men. The nursing is conducted by a sisterhood of French ladies, and the place itself, a building in the chalet style, more like a Swiss hotel than a hospital, offers a delightful residence to those who are so fortunate as to find accommodation within its walls.



MOONLIGHT AND SNOW

Drawn by H. A. Harper



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

## I.—THE 'LISTING OF SLIM MICHAEL



HE constabulary could do nothing; five times had their assault been driven back; failure stared them in the face. The mean little cottage walls mocked their exertions; the onlooking peasants laughed and hooted; the half company of foot sent to keep order chuckled in sympathy, and even I, the serious-minded young subaltern in command, could not restrain a smile. The police inspector knew his men's tempers were getting out of hand, and looked like losing his own.

"Bring up the ram," suggested the sheriff.

Six constables advanced with the instrument in question and went ponderously at the door. There was a thud, a creak, and a throb, but the door stood still.

"George and the dragon!" ejaculated the land agent, "I never saw such a house in my life; is it built of iron?"

"'Tis built of enormous fine mud," the bailiff informed him. "Old Niel that's dead built it himself, an' he was a man and a-half, he was."

"Yes, but the door!" argued the sheriff testily. "That isn't mud."

"That's oak," said the bailiff. "Wan solid shlip ov oak, as thick as me head."

"Surely, six of my men," broke in the police officer, "six of my strongest men with a battering-ram ought to be enough for the thickest door in Ireland."

"Not wid a couple of the Niels behind it to hould it up," declared the bailiff.

"But Niels or no Niels, the wood itself must splinter," cried the sheriff, whose luncheon had been waiting him these two hours.

"I tell ye, sir, the dure's as thick as me head; ye can't splinter that with your maiden."

"Why not use the bailiff himself, then?" I suggested, having so far hearkened patiently to the discussion.

"Egad I will," exclaimed the land agent, "if he doesn't show us the way into this hole before long."

"There is no way in," declared the

bailiff. "I've said so before, an' I say so now."

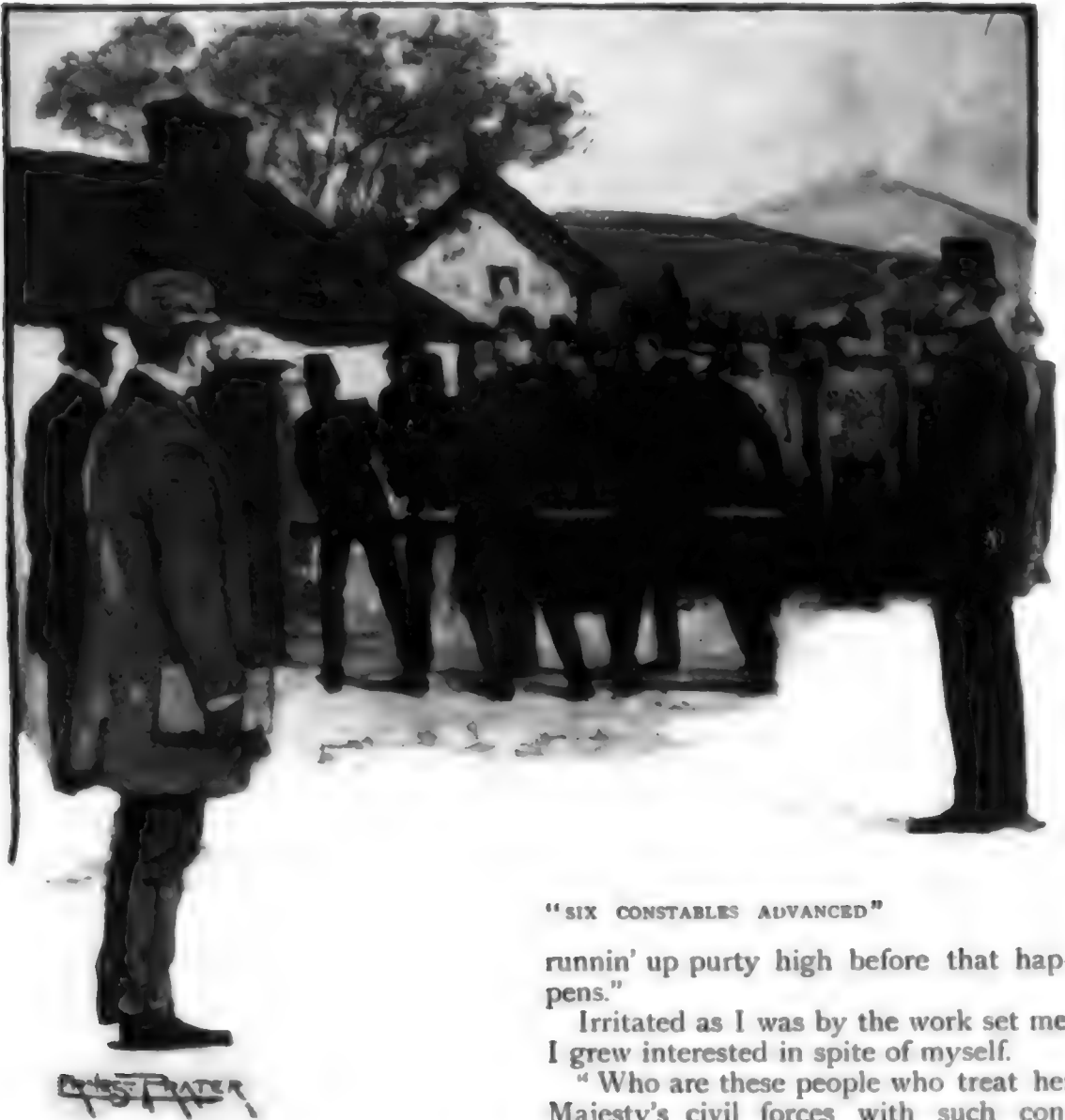
"Have another try with the maiden," ordered the sheriff.

Eight constables rammed with all their might; the door crashed open, leaped from its hinges, and danced in mid-air; but ere the police could make good their

(wid all respect to you, sir) will get them out."

"Very good, then," said the land agent. "We must starve 'em out, that's all."

"The Niels take a lot of stharving," grunted the bailiff pessimistically. "I'm thinkin' Lord Garryhestie's rint will be



#### "SIX CONSTABLES ADVANCED"

runnin' up purty high before that happens."

Irritated as I was by the work set me, I grew interested in spite of myself.

"Who are these people who treat her Majesty's civil forces with such contumacy?" I inquired of those around generally.

"Has yer honour niver heard of the Sthrong Men of Muskerry?" said a burly constable.

"Never upon my word," I declared. I had only lately joined my regiment at Fermoy.

The constable mopped his brow.

entrance it plunged back in its place, overturning two assailants in the shock.

"I told ye so," said the bailiff as one constable was carried off the field with a broken head. "There are Niels behind that door, and not all the king's horses, nor asses, nor Royal Irish Constabulary

"I know them," he said. "We all of us know them at Cackanode Barracks. We know Long Peter and Broad Dan and Fat Larry; them is the divils defy-ing us now. But the greatest of them all is in America—praise be to th' Almighty."

"Indeed," I said. "And which may he be?"

"Shlim Michael," answered the policeman. "Him that tuk nine of us to arrist him in Mitchelstown Square two year ago, for whistlin' 'Harvy Duff,' an' him only sixteen year of age begob."

I reflected for some moments, then turned to the land agent.

"Wasting good material to starve men of that type," I ventured.

The agent shrugged his shoulders. "My lord must have his money. There's two years' rent due."

"How much is it?"

"Thirty-five pun ten."

"Is the land worth it?"

"Very nearly, if they made the best of it."

There was a pause.

"There certainly seems to be something wrong," said I again.

"I can't help it," snapped the agent.

"Never said you could," I retorted. "But this is ugly work for my men."

"That's no business of mine."

"It is of mine. If these chaps could pay half, what would you do?"

"Give another quarter's grace."

I looked round me, drew a long breath, and made up my mind. I was not overburdened with ready money, but at the worst I knew my father would not be very severe.

"Good," I declared. "My cheque on Cox do?"

"How!" exclaimed the agent. "You pay?"

"May I not?"

"Certainly, if you choose," answered the agent, in a tone suggesting, "And be damned for your folly!"

Of course, on its face it was folly; but I happened to have the money, Jove inspired me, and I did it. I have had reason to be glad.

A pen with ink was procured, and I wrote my cheque, using a constabulary

man's broad back as a desk. The mob, quickly grasping what was going forward, showered blessings on my head, while evincing a note of regret at learning that the display of strength between besieged and besiegers was at an end.

Straggling knots of peasants gingerly approached the fortress, not a little fearful of sharing by mishap the fate of the police. At a safe distance they shouted vociferously:

"Come out of that, ye divils. Th' awficer's paid."

After a little time the door opened cautiously, and a face, looking to me that of a woman, filled the aperture.

There was a shout of mingled consternation and delight, and the burly lungs beneath me heaved up the exclamation:

"Holy Mary, but it's Shlim Michael!"

Recognising that there was no movement of aggression, the person in the doorway now boldly advanced, and I saw that the girlish head, with its long, golden-brown hair, was set upon the body of a man slightly over middle height, and of rarely beautiful proportions.

"Was yez all alone in the cottage, Mickey?" we heard one of the peasants query surprisedly; and the answer, spoken in a singularly soft brogue, came on the breeze:

"Arrah, of course I was. Did you think my brothers would be wasting their time helping me to do a thing I could do by myself? Shame on you! The Niels are no idlers, whatever they be."

An awed silence fell upon us all at learning that this one slip of a boy had defied our efforts.

"Well, I'm ——!" said the sheriff; and the blank expressed our sentiments.

As Michael approached us, police and soldiers alike eyed him with admiration; and the land agent, who under his surliness had something of the sportsman in his disposition, mechanically held out his hand, which the youth, quite at his ease accepted, gripped and loosed again.

"Who have I to thank?" said he. I was indicated by a nod of the agent's head, and he stepped towards me, looking

me straight in the face with his great serious eyes.

"I thank you, sir, for your generosity," he declared in gentle tones, which came strangely from the mouth of a peasant. His manner disarmed me of the phrase

earnestly; and the conversation might have continued had not my priggishness been aroused by noticing that those around were listening with unconcealed astonishment.

A little embarrassed, I looked askance at the sheriff; and Michael, with another soft word of thanks, took his departure.

As I marched my men back to their billets at Cackanode, over and over again the face of the Irish lad came up before my mind's eye, and woke the subtlest chords of my nature with the vision. Apollo in frock and trousers could not have impressed me more, seemed more wanting in reality.

Even the tasteless and ill-served repast prepared by mine host of the "Garryhestie Arms" did not entirely rob me of the pleasant emotion of the morning; and as, sitting by the open inn window, I puffed my cigarette-smoke into the evening air, I felt within me more of the joy of youth and strength than I had known since leaving school five years before.

The recollection of the stripling's display of pluck and determination, supported by such rare bodily gifts, brought back to

my reflections my own comparatively trivial prowess in the football field, and I knew my pulse beat quicker as the thought of an old charge through a hostile team flickered through me, or my right foot jerked forth an imaginary kick for goal.



"I WROTE MY CHEQUE

of facile patronage which, I confess, was on the tip of my tongue; and, to my own amazement, I heard myself say: "I am sure you would do as much for me."

"I' faith I should try," he answered



An intense sympathy for my new acquaintance rose within me, and I was half-debating a project of sending my sergeant to seek him out and bring him to me when my eye fell upon a party of four men who had turned two abreast into the street and halted at the door beneath my window. One I recognised as Slim Michael, the others I did not know. They were well set-up men, none of whom I judged more than thirty years of age. All wore light beards, but when I looked well at them the coarsened likeness to their companion was so striking that I could not doubt myself in the presence of the redoubtable Long Peter, Broad Dan and Stout Larry.

They entered below, and in an instant my landlord came bustling up.

"The Niels to see yez, Captain," he said, without ceremony, and ushered them in ere I had time to condemn his impudence. But, indeed, the visit was so much to my liking that I scarcely had it in my heart to be angry with the manner of it.

Into the room they came, the three elder men a trifle sheepishly, and ranged themselves in line before me.

"Sir," said Michael, "I have taken the liberty to bring my brothers to thank you personally for your kindness of this morning."

I half-bowed and waved my hand to stop him; but, seeing that I did not resent the intrusion, he turned to the eldest of the party—a tall, determined-looking man with very small hands and feet—saying: "Now, Peter."

The tall man's look of determination relaxed into a winning smile as he began lowly and a little nervously:

"Brothers and I very grateful to you, sir; land very unfortunate lately; hope better luck next year. Meanwhile, behalf of brothers and self, beg to hand you this."

He produced an envelope from an inner pocket of his coat and proffered it me. Not having the faintest idea what it might contain, I took it mechanically and walked to the light to open it. As I did so a deep-noted "Thank you, sir; good-night, sir," rang from each of my four visitors; and ere I could find

words to express my desire to detain them they were gone.

A little taken aback at their sudden departure—for in Ireland I had learned to believe that all visitors, whatever their class, looked for liquid entertainment—I delayed for some moments to open the envelope. Doing so at length, I found inside four scraps of blue paper, and taking each in turn I read:

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £7 2s.—Peter Niel."

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £5 6s. 6d.—Daniel Niel."

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £3 11s.—Laurence Niel."

"To Percy Lowe, Esq., I O U £1 15s. 6d.—Michael Niel."

For a moment I could not perceive the intention of these documents until it occurred to me to add up the sums mentioned, when I, of course, found they represented the amount of £17 15s., which I had that morning paid to Lord Garryhestie's agent.

My immediate impulse was to replace the notes in their cover and dispatch them to their drawers, but, while preparing to do so, a cynical doubt rose in my mind as to whether I was not being made the object of a piece of vulgar bluff. I had heard much from my schoolfellows and even my brother officers of the Irish spirit of braggadocio which inspires the very peasants and underlings to the pretensions of a gentleman; and, with the overwisdom of callowness, I decided to keep the promises and see if the makers should make any serious effort to redeem them. At all events, they would serve as evidences of a story worth telling.

A few weeks later my regiment was moved up country to Newbridge, and I had not been there long before the two scenes at which I had in one day assisted lost their hold upon my memory, and my interest was transferred from the fate of the Niels to that of the horses I ventured to back at the Curragh meetings.

In England I had never once witnessed a horse race, and I was quite unprepared for the fever which seized my blood when I made my first bet—a

marks the difference between affluence and unstability. I tried to make up the deficiency by economising my mess-bills, but found that this plan, while entailing serious discomfort, did not go far to correct my exchequer. I had already written to my father asking if he could make up the amount which I had handed



"MICHAEL NIEL ENTERED"

timid sovereign on a dark horse—and with amazed eyes saw my fancy romp home at twenty to one. Of course, following this miracle of fortune, my luck was execrable, and it did not take me many months to lose, not only what I had gained but nearly twice as much again. Thirty-seven pounds is not a great sum of money; but to a line subaltern with a far from princely income, it

over on behalf of the Niels, a request to which he without difficulty acceded, so I had no excuse for applying to him at the present crisis. Indeed, I could see no help from my difficulty save the dire expedient of applying to some Jew of St. James's, which would, as likely as not, have led to the early termination of a career which I liked to consider a promising one.

One or two attempts to raise the money at reasonable interest having failed, I sat in my room one evening after mess, burdened by a depression which even the smoke of my cigar could not alleviate.

Granting entrance to a tap at the door, Hopkins, my soldier servant, appeared.

"A Mr. Niel, a Hirish fellow ; looks like a gent in slops. Asks if he may see you, sir."

I looked at my watch. "How the deuce did he pass the gate this hour of the night!" I exclaimed.

"Looks as if he climbed the canteen wall, sir. White behind."

"At all events, show him in."

Michael Niel entered. He was pale, his clothes ragged and sullied by a long journey ; one boot trailed a broken sole. Seeing that he was much exhausted I gave him my arm-chair and offered him the liqueur cognac which I had been about to drink when disturbed.

He drained the little glass at a gulp, then heaved a deep sigh.

I had lived long enough to know that such a sigh meant hunger, and hastened to put before him some bread and the only meat I had—a cold sheep's tongue. The meat he did not touch ; I imagine because the striking of my clock told him that it was already Friday morning, but he devoured a large hunk of the bread with almost painful eagerness.

Presently he produced a little canvas bag from his pocket.

"I sought you at Fermoy, sir."

"When were you there?"

"This morning, sir."

"I left with my regiment some months ago."

"So they told me, sir."

"Can I be of service?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By accepting my service."

"I do not understand."

"Michael opened the canvas bag, and taking from it a piece of paper disclosed a five-pound Bank of Ireland note, two sovereigns and a florin.

"This from my brother Peter," he said, and took another similar paper from the bag ; this contained another

five-pound note, a four-shilling piece and thirty penny stamps.

"From my brother Daniel."

Another dive in the bag, another scrap of paper, this time giving light to three one-pound notes and a postal order for eleven shillings.

"From my brother Laurence."

Grasping his meaning I turned to my desk and took from it the I O U's of seven months before.

I handed them to him, and selecting three of them he put them carefully in his pocket. The fourth he left on the table.

I looked inquiringly at him, and for answer he shook the bag, showing it to be empty.

"I am still your debtor," he said, and then I noticed that the I O U he had left on the table was his own note for £1 15s. 6d.

I felt myself in an awkward position, fearing to insult him by pooh-poohing the smallness of the matter, yet scarcely able to keep a serious countenance, and withal bursting with admiration for the character of the man before me.

There was silence for some moments, until, looking me timidly but determinedly in the face, he said :

"I cannot pay my share of this debt to you. I cannot work. That's the truth. I am a strong man, and a willing one, but I cannot work. I swear I've tried. I've tried here, in America, and here again. But nowhere could I work. I can't handle a spade ; I can't guide a plough. I can't work enough to win my daily bread. I have lived upon my brothers' toil. I have come here to tell you so." He spoke with effort and in shame.

"How did you come?" I asked, as a cover to my thoughts, and almost without intention.

"I walked."

The words commanded my attention.

"Walked from Fermoy?"

"Walked from Fermoy."

"Sixty miles since this morning?"

"Forty-three."

"You reckon Irish?"

"Always, sir."

"And you have worn yourself out in

this task merely to tell me that you could not give me this trifling sum of money."

"I owed it to you to give my reason in person—and more than that —" He hesitated.

"Go on, Michael," I said, gently.



"I DON'T THINK WE NEED SEND HIM TO  
THE DEPÔT"

"Since I cannot pay you in money, I would do so in kind."

"How so?"

"Let me be your servant."

I was startled at the request, but infinitely pleased, though I suspected it arose from ignorance of what it conveyed.

"I have a servant," I answered, categorically. "You are not the man to endure such a position. To become my servant you must become a soldier."

"I should like to fight," he said pleasantly, and smiled for the first time since he had entered the room.

"But to be my servant—I need scarcely point out what menial offices that covers—I am a poor man. You would be alone."

"I should like to serve you," he replied, and the answer touched me. Yet I determined to try him further.

"This regiment is a North British one. I will not say all our men are Scotch, but the depôt is at Dumfries, and we certainly have no Southern Irish in the corps. You would find yourself amongst strangers in blood, probably strangers in sentiment."

"I'm not a quarrelsome man, sir," he maintained doggedly.

"I warn you even that your nationality may cause some difficulty in their 'listing you for this regiment."

"May I try, sir?" he asked, evidently unmoved by my arguments; and considering that I had thrown all reasonable opposition in his way, I gave him my permission and promised my good offices with the Adjutant in the morning. Meanwhile I made him up a bed on my floor, and retired to slumber myself in better spirits than had possessed me for some little time.

I was subaltern on duty for the next day, and awoke betimes; but I found Michael already stirring and helping Hopkins to put my accoutrements in order.

I talked with him while I drank my early tea, and recapitulated at greater length the difficulties which lay in his way, pointing out to him that even if they accepted him for my regiment, and posted him when leaving the depôt to my company, he would still have to serve at least twelve months before being eligible as a servant, and at best I was not certain of obtaining him. But his ardour was not to be damped, and he reminded me of my promise of assistance.

A few hours later I saw the Adjutant, a Captain Earle, who, although he never missed an opportunity of snubbing us subalterns, was a keen soldier and a good fellow.

"Don't see we want any Irish in the 9th," he demurred.

"You'd want this Irishman if you w him," I answered, knowing that I as justified.

"More respectful tone, please," rerted Earle. Then, playing with his ne, he continued: "Well, am I to wait re all day?"

Taking the hint I produced Niel at ice. I saw the expression on Earle's ce change as he ran his eye from scalp toe.

"Age?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"About five foot nine?"

"And a half, sir."

"Chest thirty-four?"

"Fully that, sir."

"What fingers have I up?"

"Second, fourth and thumb, sir."

"What's the colour of this book?"

"Scarlet, sir."

"And the point of this pencil?"

"Blue."

"Name?"

"Michael O'Donoghue Niel, sir."

"You know conditions of enlistment?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Sergeant, see that this man attested provisionally this afternoon.

To-morrow he shall see the doctor. Pay and subsistence. Right about turn."

Then with a preternaturally serious face Earle looked at me. "I'm backing King of the Croats for the Hunt Cup," he said, and took no further notice of me. But I knew he meant a service, for Earle's sporting tips were priceless treasures, and I wired a tenner on the horse at once.

I was present when Michael came up for the Colonel's final approval some days later.

"I don't think we need send him to the depôt, sir," suggested Earle.

"No," said the Chief, and his eyes twinkled: "He's man enough for us."

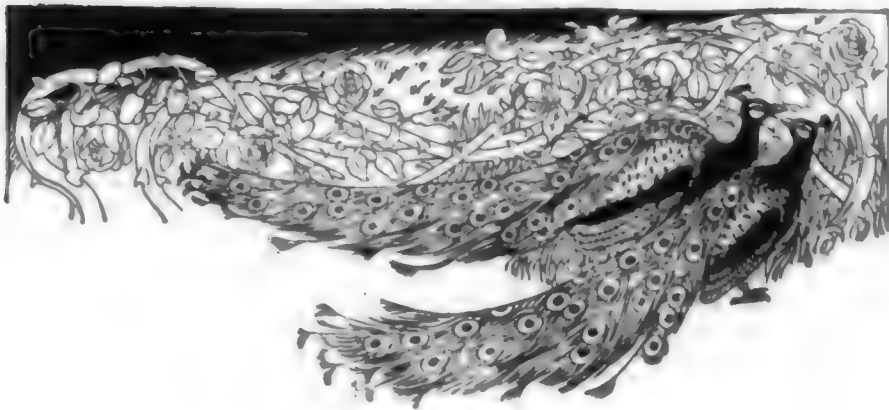
A few minutes later Earle and I were alone.

"Well, what do you think?" I said.

"I think," said the Adjutant, serious under his smile, "that Michael Niel should bring us luck."

And Michael Niel had already brought me luck—for King of the Croats started at 11 to 2 and won by half a length.

I loved all men of the name of Niel on the day when my bookie's cheque came to hand. It pulled me straight, and left a bit beside.

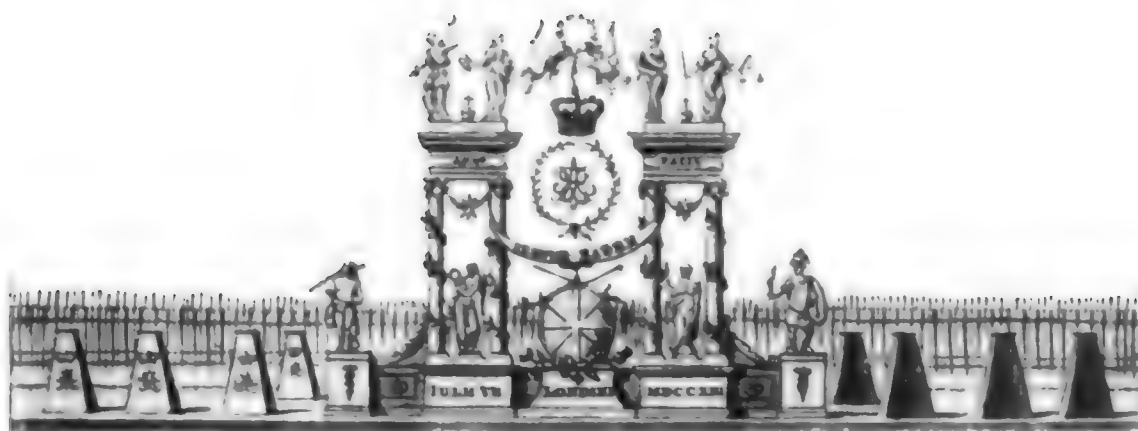






"YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN MY FLORA PASS THIS WAY?"

Drawn by Frank Gillett



SET PIECE ON THE THAMES FOR THE PEACE OF UTRECHT, JULY 7, 1713

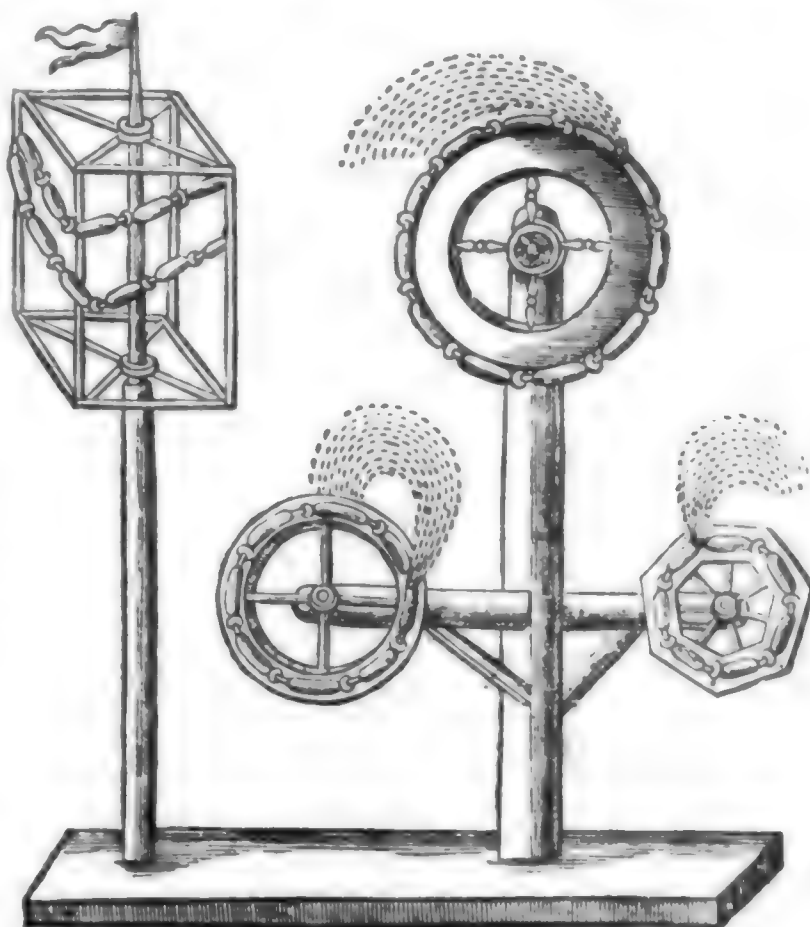
## *The Antiquity of Fireworks*

WRITTEN BY GEORGE BELLINGHAM. ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS

**A**S is the case with so many every-day matters, history has no record of the invention and first use of fireworks. All that is

known is that the Chinese let off crackers upon the feast days of their gods centuries and centuries before the Christian era, and that the Hindoos used a kind of rocket not only as a signal, but upon occasions of rejoicing, and as a missile during time of war. In all the classical authors Greek fire is constantly mentioned, this compound being supposed to have been made of a mixture of saltpetre and sulphur, with either petroleum or pitch, or some material equally inflammable and as difficult to extinguish as these when once lighted. Greek fire was chiefly used in battle, and more particularly during naval encounters and at the siege

of walled towns. A pot of Greek fire thrown upon the deck of an opposing vessel would probably result in the ship being burnt, and when poured from a

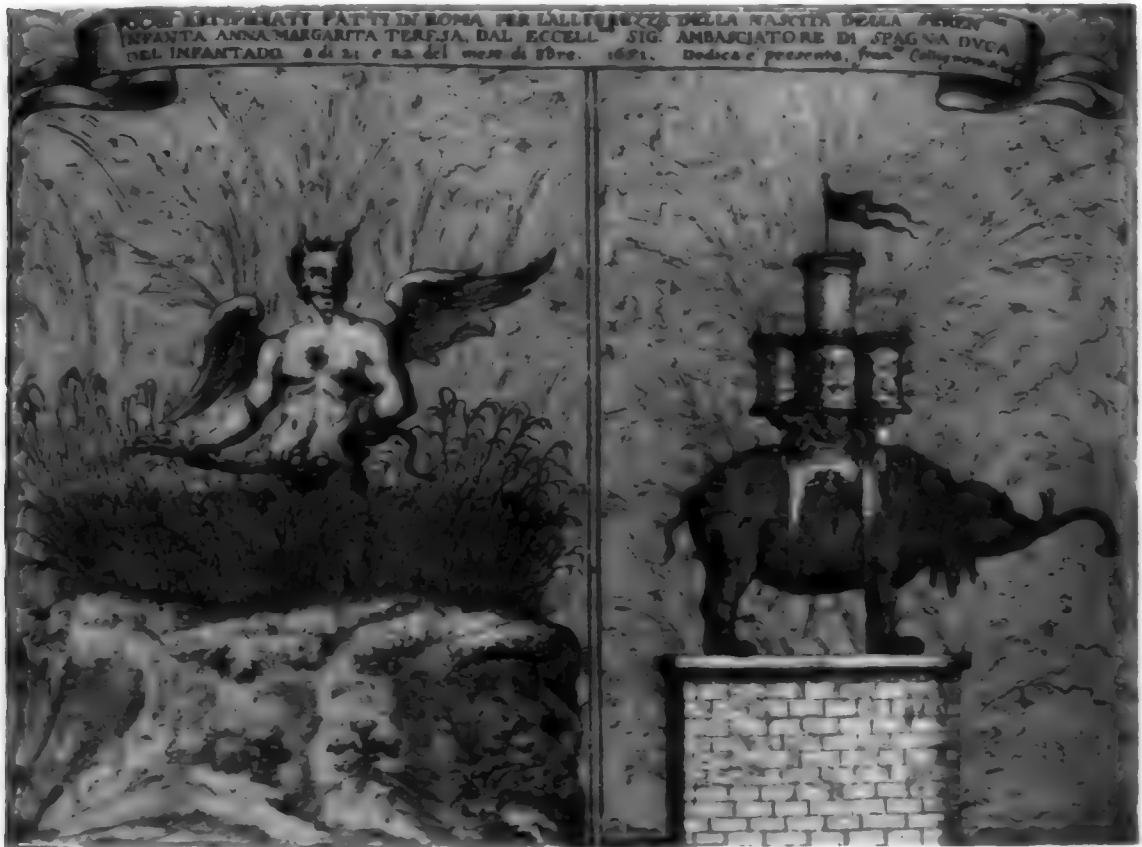


EARLY CATHARINE WHEELS

city wall amongst the soldiery beneath would eat its flaming way through the stoutest armour and literally burn holes in the flesh of the unfortunate person upon whom it fell; it was also largely used at festivals in honour of the gods, especially in those held in glorification of Mars.

The properties of the component parts of fireworks, such as sulphur, chloride of lead, sulphide of copper, and chlorate of potash, &c., must have been known in

Florence was the city chosen for the first display of the discovery in Europe. Thence Germany, because of its close intimacy with Italy under the rule of the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, borrowed the idea of the new and pleasing fashion, France and England speedily following her example. Gunpowder had been in use for nearly a hundred years when fireworks were first introduced into England, but for two or three centuries the pyrotechnic



A SET PIECE IN ROME, 1651, IN HONOUR OF THE INFANTA ANNA MARGARITA OF SPAIN

the East centuries before a knowledge of their value crept to the West. Europe followed Asia in the use of fireworks only in the thirteenth century, and this was doubtless owing to the influence of the Crusades, the European warriors after their return from every campaign against Islam bringing with them some art or refinement, learnt and imitated from the enemies of Christendom. Italy led the way in the use of fireworks, as she led the way in all culture and civilisation during the Middle Ages, and

contrivances were of the simplest nature. Of these "spur-fire" was the most common and popular, consisting of nitre, sulphur, and lamp-black well sifted together and then rubbed together in a mortar with a wooden pestle. When lighted this mixture burnt with a brilliant flame, sending out spur-shaped sparks into the air, from whence it took its name—it was the forerunner of "golden-rain," which is made of six parts of meal powder, one part of nitre, and two parts of charcoal; or with eight parts of

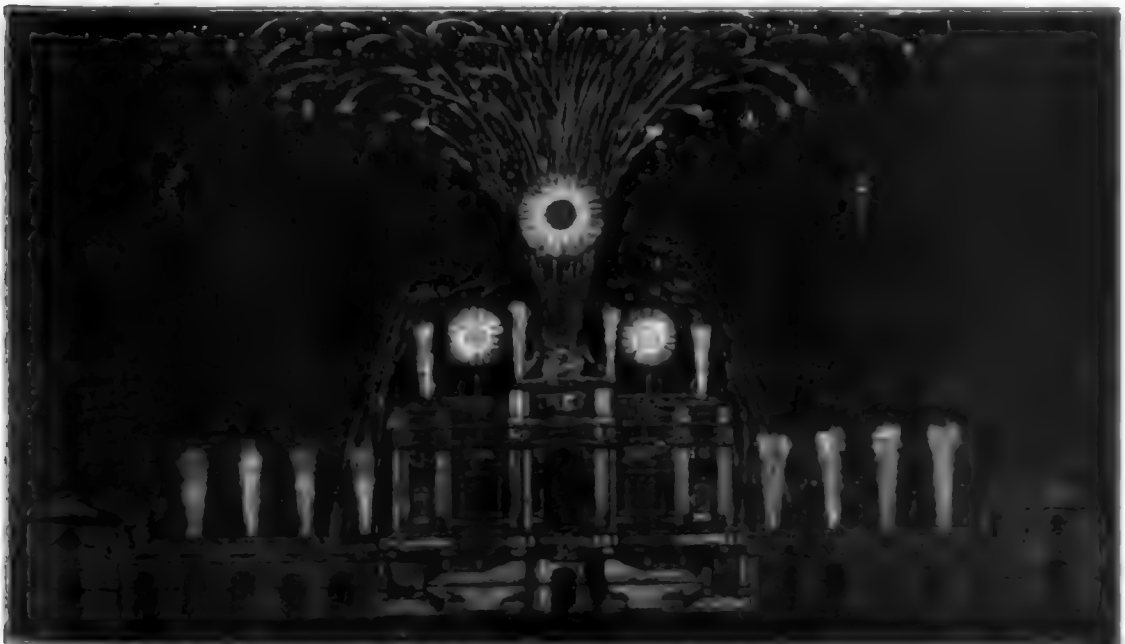


A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF THE FIREWORK IN COVENT GARDEN THAT WAS PERFORMED AT THE CHANGE OF THE GENTRY AND OTHER INHABITANS OF THAT PARISH FOR YE JOYFULL RETURN OF HIS MAJESTIE FROM HIS CONQUEST IN IRELAND, SEPT. 10, 1690

meal powder and three parts of fine charcoal.

From crackers and "fires" the earlier pyrotechnist soon evolved many of the forms of fireworks with which we are

now familiar, although the present century has brought about all the principal improvements, and by degrees clumsy wheels, as shown in our illustration, were used at a fête given at



A SKETCH VIEW OF THE PUBLIC FIREWORKS CHARIOTS TO BE EXHIBITED ON OCCASION OF THE GENERAL PEACE

Court in the early years of the reign of the First Charles. The method by which these wheels were made to rotate was the same as with the elaborate moving devices which may be seen at any pyrotechnic display at the present time. There is a recoil, caused by the backward pressure of heated gases on the air as each circle of the wheel catches fire, and this

return of the Merrie Monarch, and fireworks were let off in London in honour of William the Third's triumph over James the Second in Ireland, but the accustomed expressions of loyalty then were enormous bonfires and the firing of innumerable guns, and it was not until the middle of the last century that elaborate "set" pieces, copied from those

which delighted the guests at Versailles and from Rome, came into favour. George III. and his successor were both extremely fond of fireworks, and this royal preference had doubtless much to do with the increase of popularity of firework exhibitions. After Marlborough's victories London was illuminated by candles stuck in the windows of the houses and great bonfires blazing at the corners of the principal streets; but when Wellington added glory to the British arms mimic firework temples were erected and burnt in his honour. By that time, however, the improvements and discoveries made by foreign pyrotechnists had found their way into England, and so gala nights at Cremorne or Vauxhall were considered incomplete without an elaborate "letting off of divers and curious fireworks."



THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME, WITH THE GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE CASTLE AND THE ILLUMINATIONS OF ST. PETER'S, 1837

recoil presses the ring round, momentum gradually increasing the rapidity of the revolutions. But the Civil War and the accession to power of the Puritan party put a stop to all advancement in the matter of fireworks. Gunpowder was needed for more deadly work than providing half an hour's amusement for the rich, and when Cromwell ruled England such frivolities were sternly discountenanced. Crude illuminations heralded the

Some of the public displays of fireworks given upon occasions of national rejoicing in England have cost as much as thirty thousand pounds, and several of the famous exhibitions given in Paris by the Emperor Napoleon III. must have cost as much, if not more.

When the Popes held temporal as well as spiritual power, Rome, on certain occasions, was turned into fairyland by fireworks and illuminations; the superl

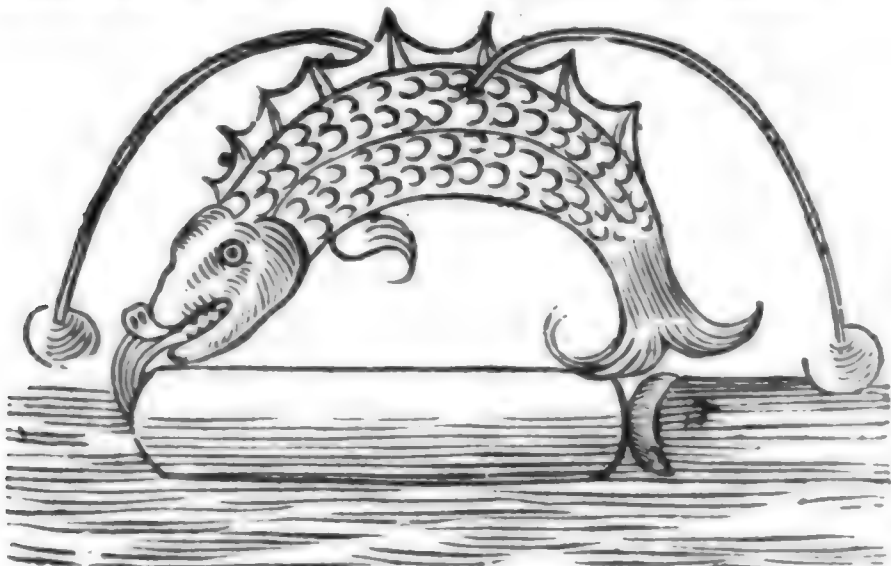


castle of St. Angelo and the massive lines of St. Peter's dominating the city, outlined with lights. In the sixteenth century, in honour of the birthday of one of the Infants of Spain, a wonderful firework fountain was erected in the Eternal City at an enormous cost, with all the elaboration of detail and design characteristic of the period. Cupids blew showers of golden rain from the apex of the fountain, while coloured fire, cleverly imitating water, rose and fell in the air from the mouths of gaping dolphins. Another famous set piece was that erected in honour of the birth of the Infanta Anna Margarita in 1651, which we reproduce from an old print. The utmost care and thought were devoted to these displays both in Rome and Paris, as they tended to keep the populace in a good humour, but in times of war the complaint at the waste of powder were many and deep.

In England fireworks are indissolubly associated with Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot, and this annual commemoration of the danger of King James and the Houses of Parliament, so narrowly averted, has been the chief factor of their popularity. The derivative names of the various kinds of fireworks are easily traced, as, for instance, Roman candles, which were first used in Rome; and although it is impossible to say whether squibs took their name from the lampoons which were at one time com-

mon, or whether this form of publication took its name from the firework, the word is expressive in both cases. Catharine wheels were so-named from being originally of the same shape as the toothed wheels upon which vain attempts were made to torture Saint Catharine of Alexandria before she was put to death by the Emperor Maximinius. Bengal lights were of Hindoo origin, and crackers is a direct derivate of the old Greek fire, the word "grec" speedily becoming "crake" upon English tongues; in proof of this the cannon which Edward III. used for the first time in 1327 in his struggle with Scotland were called "crackeyes of war," and "crackers" is not a far cry from "crakeys."

Invention has influenced fireworks as it has influenced everything else, and the attention which chemists and scientists have devoted to the subject has in recent years brought about combinations and results of which our forefathers never dreamed. Although essentially a form of passing amusement, they have led, in the rocket apparatus, to the establishment of a means of life-saving at sea which is of service when all other methods fail. It is strange how very few books there are in existence dealing with the origin and growth in use of fireworks, and it would seem that they have for centuries been an ordinary matter concerning which very few people have troubled themselves.



A FIREWORK SERPENT

# A "Hard-Lying" Tale

WRITTEN BY W. F. SHANNON. ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE



ELL," said the Torpedo Coxswain, "there's no call for you to believe it—not if it's a strain on your faith-bump. But you know very well that Bluejackets always

tells the George Washington truth, except it's more artistic not to, or more useful, or they ain't thinking."

"True," I said. "Yet the papers have been quiet."

"The papers! By all the Sea Lords! you don't think *they* know all about the Navy, do ye? Why, if a ha'p'ny paper heard the merest trifle of what I've been expounding to you, there'd have to be real war to-morrow, wouldn't there?"

"There'd be a row in the *Chronicle*, at all events," I said.

• • • • •

The coxswain's tales were usually true, but this is what he had just been telling me. He had been away for some days on his first destroyer, and I had asked him how he liked it. And he answered that the quarters were not over-comfortable, but that the excitement of the war with France was worth any amount of hard-lying.

Now, there was no war with France, and I said so.

"You will have observed," then said he, "that occasionally a lieutenant is jumped up over a lot of others to be a commander. With your usual gloomy predestination, you would say that was Freemasonry or the German Emperor at work. But you would be wrong. It's meretricious service on torpedo-boats and destroyers.

"Stand at Point on a Monday morning. Count the destroyers sliding out,

also the torpedo-boats; and in the evening take tally again. They don't all return. Where are they? Night exercises, you say, or Portland or Brighton. Some.

"Watch the *Navy List*. Names and numbers drops out. What becomes of them boats? Old—sold out—wrecked, you say. Quite right—for some. Others—took by France"

"But what about International complications and unfriendly acts, Rattler?"

"There ain't no complications, and they're friendly acts."

"Construe, my learned friend."

"It's part of the war game our people play with the French. Why, even the papers have got hold of one point in it. They know about these naval attachees. What are they over here for? You know as well as I do that they are here to get to know things about our Navy. When we've invented anything particularly devilish, the attachee is invited down to see it act. 'What d'ye think of that, me boy?' says the adm'als. The attachee says he don't think much of it, and then goes home and writes a description to his Gov'ment, and says it's a first-class affair, and a bloomin' good job he was here to see it, and his Gov'ment immeejutly gives him more pay. That's what they calls diplomacy. I tell ye, there's no secrets in these days, except this war with France."

"And are these war pigeons, flown from Dover, all in the game?"

"Every one of 'em. But you needn't be afraid about them. We've got an anecdote for pigeons."

"And what is that antidote?"

"Golden eagles, chum; golden eagles, what makes a speciality of eating war pigeons."

"But golden eagles are very scarce."

"Well, now you've got the reason of



"OUR CAPTAIN STAYED ON DECK ALL NIGHT"

is. The Navy's got 'em all. If the Adm'alty determined to get great auks it'd be just the same; they'd hatch out them three sole surviving eggs in the Museum."

"But now we're getting off the war game, Rattler. How's it played?"

"The Adm'alty's got all the charts in the world, especially French charts. Very good. But you can't take a ship into a difficult place by charts alone, even on a fine day. At any rate, you wouldn't. And our destroyers ain't going into French harbours on fine days. They're going in on dark nights when

the stormy winds do blow, or else in a sea fog. You savvy, then, that what we requires to do is to personally examine them French coasts for ourselves."

"Yes," said I.

"The French does the same on our coasts, of course. And then the question comes, what are we to do when we catch 'em doing it? The adm'als, French and English, settled that by making a bye-law, like the railway companies, and just as arbitrary, and said any torpedo-boat or other ship, vessel, galley, coracle, et sitra, found trespassing in or about our harbours, ports, reaches, and fifty-

three other places, after dark, will be confiscated, and to this rule there will be no exception. And if one of our lieutenants loses his vessel he's retired on half-pay, but if he finds out things, and adventures himself to do daring acts, he's promoted.

"Now our cap'n (which the papers calls a lieutenant-commander) was a reg'lar caution at exploring, and got to know all the coasts of France, from Calais round to Brest, on the darkest of nights, and wasn't never caught; so that his time for promotion was near come. But one night when we was doing guard-boat dooty off the mouth of our own harbour, a French torpedo-boat must have got by us, because her mark was left on the flag-ship in the morning.

"So the adm'al called up our cap'n and spun him a cuff about neglect of dooty and how it mustn't occur again else he'd be annoyed.

"And the cap'n lammed off at us as soon as he got aboard for not keeping a good look-out. That night he stopped on deck himself through all the watches. It was a dirty night too.

"In the morning the adm'al signalises to us that the French boat has been in again.

"Now as we had stuck as near the narrow harbour mouth as we could from sunset to dawn, we didn't understand this; and the cap'n said to the sub-lieutenant that he reckoned someone was cheating, because he couldn't think a Frenchman was able to get to wind'ard of us so easy as this.

"The sub-lieutenant suggested submarine boats, and the cap'n thought there was something in that. But it didn't comfort him.

"Next time we was guard-boat, about a week after, it happened to be blowing again, so we surmised the Frenchman would have another look round. We



"TURN THE SEARCHLIGHT ON HER"

kept a full head of steam and just whizzed about the ship-channel and the Swashes, so that we should most surely see any boat that came along on *top* of the water.

"Once, as we was tearing along the Outer Swash, we bumped, like on a rock, where there certainly was no rock. And one hand said he seen a line of surf, and another said he seen flame in

the air; but we guessed that that was in consequence of the concussion acting on his optical delusions. It really seemed as if it must a' been a recent risen rock or a derelict, and the cap'n made a note of it.

"An hour after we was going along the ship-channel towards the harbour. And as we neared the Swashes I seen a long white line like the wake of a vessel. 'After her!' says the cap'n. So we pelted on, but I could not distinguish the vessel causing the wake. Getting nearer, the look-out could make out the bow-line, and trace the waves along the vessel's side to the wake, but still we couldn't see the boat herself. And as we overhauled the invisible thing its bow-wave moved faster, and flames flickered along in the air for a minute or so, at about the height of a smoke-stack.

"'Turn the searchlight on her,' says the cap'n.

"It was done. And all the effects of a boat rushing through the water was to be seen, but no boat.

"'The devil!' thinks I. 'This is the flying Dutchman, at steam tattics, or else all my education has been wasted. Can you see her yet, sir?' I says to the cap'n.

"'No,' says he.

"We crept up nearer, and he says, 'Can *you* see her?'

"'No, sir,' says I, 'I surmise she's a ghost.'

"'Damme,' says he, 'I believe you're right. Well, we'll see whether she's unbreakable, as well as invisible. Steer so as to cut her down.'

"So I done it. But the wake wriggled about like a snake, avoiding us. I began to feel a bit shaky over the business. There seemed as much sense chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, or one of them fire-balls that plays about the masthead sometimes. I was afraid she would try to draw us on to a shoal, but she stuck to the channels very well.

"'That ghost seems to know her way,' said the cap'n, and then he shouted, 'Lay down, men,' as we finally headed off the wake and nipped in behind the bow-wave at full-speed, triple-expansions, and forced draught, and all them gadgets. It seemed a funny order, as if we was going to ram something solid, but I

thought it was force of habit made him say so, when—*crash!* There was a horrible grinding and crunching, and a hissing like a thousand devils, and then screams of agony. And in a second or two we saw white ghost faces floating in the darkness, weeping and wailing. Ugh, I shuddered, and very near let go the wheel.

"The cap'n stood firm, and telegraphed 'Full speed astarn,' and as we backed off from the terrible nothing we had bashed into, some of them floating gashly faces followed us, gibbering and moaning. And our men what was forward let off a shriek like one man and bolted aft when two or three of these fearful things come over the bows. As the searchlight played on 'em there was no doubt they was faces, human faces; but there was no body nor other support. I shivered and my teeth rattled, and I reckoned the last day was come, and these was hell-hounds. I tried hard to think of a prayer, which I'd read in books was the thing to do on these occasions, but I could get no further forward than 'Ar Fair chart neven,' like we used to say in school."

"That's just like the books, Rattler," I said.

"But the cap'n, even if he thought of lifting a prayer, very soon thought better of it and swore a great oath and laughed. 'Scissors!' he says, 'is that it?' And he jabbered away to these ghosts in a foreign lingo, so we surmised they must be French ghosts.

"And then he signalled 'Ahead!' to the engine-room, and told me to take her back where we come from. There was flames spitting up into the air, and steam was hissing and forming a great white cloud, and the fearful faces was in the air round about, crying and calling. And why they did not fly to us like their friends I could not understand. But the searchlight showed another funny thing: On the water's edge, and rising from it, there appeared a gash, like in the side of a ship, but no ship—a bung-hole with no cask round it, so to speak.

"'Go slow,' says the cap'n, as we neared this creepy lot. We went so, and rasped alongside something, I mean



nothing, and then them frightened faces come on board, and I noticed there was an occasional hand, all by itself, and in one or two cases there was a whole body, from the waist up, arms and all, and they looked more gashly than the faces alone. Then we went astarn again, and in a minute or two that hole sunk deeper in the water and then disappeared in a blaze of fireworks with a loud explosion. And by that time I was rotten with sweat and dry as a lime-kiln. But the cap'n was off his head with happiness over something, and set the course for the harbour. And before he went to see the adm'al he had to tell us what really had happened, else we should all have broke out of the ship, we was that scared."

"And what was it all, Rattler?"

"*Invisible paint*, my boy! It was an invention of the French cap'n's. He'd seen that these so-called invisible greys and imperceptible pinks was nothing of the kind, so he set to work to get the real thing, and there's no doubt it was a grand success. He not only painted every bit of his boat, but his men's clothes and gloves, and gave 'em masks to wear. It was a fine affair altogether, and if he had only had a faster boat he'd still have his secret. Of course, when we run his boat down some of his men was below, without their masks, and it was them coming on deck that looked like floating faces, and the stokers, later on, like half men. And mind you, this tale I've told you is

about what I've seen myself, but the cuffs I could spin about what I haven't seen is much more surprising and just as true."

"I believe you, Rattler," said I.

"Well, if you don't it don't matter. You can see for yourself that the cap'n's promoted"—I certainly did see that—"and if you're down by the Outer Swash to-morrow you'll notice divers at work. The Navy's going to analyse that torpedo-boat, and split up that paint into its competent parts."

I took a boat to the Outer Swashway on the next day, and divers *were* at work.



"HE JABBERED AWAY TO THESE GHOSTS"

# A Handful of Chrysanthemums

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT lover of flowers can resist the standing invitation to visit the spacious nursery grounds of Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons at Swanley, in Kent? A pair of wide-opened eyes, separated by the sentence, "Come and see us," convey some idea of the heartiness of the invitation. And it is not one of those invitations which are only given in the hope that they will not be accepted. The visitor may be confident of a cordial welcome from Mr. Cannell and his sons, and that they will take a real delight in spreading before his eyes an ever-varying feast of floral blossom and fragrance.



"ROBERT POWELL"  
(PURE JAPANESE)

That, at any rate, was the happy experience of a representative of *The Ludgate* on running down to glean a few facts about the varieties of the chrysanthemum.

Mr. Cannell has earned a right to speak with authority on the "golden flower." For many years past he has tended its cultivation with sedulous care, and it is to his credit that the existence of the National Chrysanthemum Society must be placed. With regard to the ideal of the chrysanthemum grower, how can it be more concisely expressed than in Mr. Cannell's own words: "Our ambition is



"MADAME GUSTAVE HENRY"  
(INCURVED JAPANESE)



"KATHLEEN ROGERS"  
(PURE JAPANESE)



"LADY FITZWIGGRAM"  
(SMALL JAPANESE)

to turn the chrysanthemum into a dahlia, and the dahlia into a chrysanthemum." And when the visitor holds in one hand a blossom from a choice specimen of the sharp-pointed cactus



"MRS. CULLINGFORD"  
(EARLY FLOWERING HYBRID)

dahlia and in the other a flower plucked from a representative Japanese chrysanthemum, he realises to what an astonishing extent the scientific cultivator can work out his own will in the shape of flowers.

To attempt a description of a classification of the various chrysanthemums in existence would only bewilder the lover of flowers; to pin one's faith to any special classification would only arouse the ire of those specialists who are pledged to some other system. And



"YELLOW GEM"  
(FIMBRIATED POMPON)

really it seems wholly out of place to foster either confusion or quarrels in connection with such lovely creatures as these. Let it suffice to say that, although the season was early, Mr. Cannell was able to produce for admiration a choice assortment of blossoms representing what are called the pure Japanese, the incurved Japanese, the early-flowering pompon, the fimbriated pompon, and many other types.

In the opinion of such an expert as Mr. Charles Gordon, the incurved chrysanthemums represent in the matter of

form the highest degree of perfection to which the flower has been brought, and he truthfully adds that the perfect bloom does not require the trained eye for the full appreciation of its beauties. This exquisite variety is represented by one of the accompanying photographs, but it must be kept in mind that the blossom had not reached its full perfection at the time it was taken. A close examination will show innumerable petals which have still to unfold their snowy tendrils.

Although photography so faithfully reproduces the forms of these lovely



"MADAME CARMEUX"

flowers, it can do little towards interpreting their almost nameless colours. It is true that certain gradations of tone are caught by the camera, but it is hopeless to ever expect an adequate rendering of such chromatic richness as is the distinguishing quality of, say, the "Yellow Gem."

Chrysanthemum growers are ever alertly anxious to add something new to their stock, and few outsiders realise how much care has to be expended before that object is achieved. Of course, all the novelties have to be secured from seed, and hence it might seem that man



"PAYNE'S PINK"  
(PURE JAPANESE)

is wholly dependent on the freaks of Nature for any additions he may be able to make to the varieties of any given



"ALICE BUTCHER"  
(EARLY-FLOWERING POM-PON)

flower. But that is not altogether the case. In a general way the fertilisation of flowers is carried out by insects, and these naturally exercise no discretion as to the blossoms from which they gather their pollen. It is at this stage human agency steps in, with its application of the law of selection; and the result of a careful choice of the parent flowers has been found to have

a marked effect upon the offspring. But even when seed so influenced has been secured, the harvest is not yet, for it may be that nothing of any special



"MADAME C. PERRIERE"  
(EARLY-FLOWERING JAPANESE)

value to the trained eye will be obtained from a large sowing. And yet the florist plods on in patience, knowing that sooner or later he will be able to chronicle a worthy addition to the family of flowers. One of the latest-born of Mr. Cannell's countless children is illustrated in the photograph of "Kathleen Rogers." This magnificent specimen of a pure Japanese chrysanthemum was raised

from seed sown last February, and already it bids fair to add new distinction to the fame of the Swanley "Home of Flowers."



"FREDERICK PELE"



"EDITH SYRATT"





BERKELEY CASTLE

## *Romantic Leaves from Family Histories*

ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS

### *THE BERKELEY PEERAGE*

ONE of the few remaining baronial castles in England is that of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. It was originally built by King Henry I., and a considerable part of the existing structure, therefore, dates back to the early years of the twelfth century. During the civil war between the adherents of the Empress Matilda and of King Stephen, the holder of the castle and of the fair lands attached to it was Roger de Berkeley, who took Stephen's side, and was consequently dispossessed of the estate by Henry II., who bestowed it on one of his own followers, Robert Fitzhardinge. Robert's son, Maurice, perfected his title by marrying Alice de Berkeley, the daughter of the ousted lord. The sixth in succession from Robert was summoned to Parliament as the first Baron of Berkeley in 1295. In the time

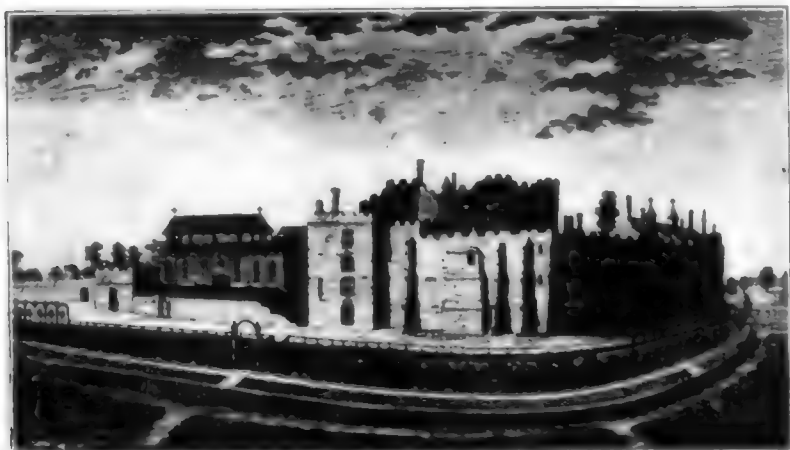
of the second baron there occurred in Berkeley Castle one of the memorable tragedies of English history—the murder of King Edward II.; but the baron was not present at the time, and was afterwards honourably acquitted of all participation in the crime.

The fifth lord of Berkeley died without issue, and a new barony was created in favour of his nephew. The second lord of the new line was a favourite of King Henry VII., and in 1489 was advanced two steps in the peerage, becoming Marquess of Berkeley. But he also died childless, and the barony passed to his younger brother, Maurice. The estates, however, were not entailed, and the Marquess, being angry with his brother for having contracted a marriage with a woman of low origin, bequeathed the castle and its lands to King

Henry VII. and his heirs male, failing whom the property was to revert to the Berkeleys. The great grandson of

contempt. The beautiful woman who had surrendered herself to him managed to inspire Lord Berkeley with a strong and enduring love, which so grew on him that in 1796, when she had borne him three sons and a daughter, he made her his wife. Three other sons were subsequently born of the marriage.

In 1810 the Earl died, and a question at once arose as to the succession to the title. About the heirship to the castle and estates there was no doubt; the Earl had bequeathed them, or the



BERKELEY CASTLE

Maurice, on the death of King Edward VI., Henry's last male heir, succeeded to the estates as seventh baron. The ninth Lord was a boon companion of King Charles II., and in 1679 was created first Earl of Berkeley. For a century or more after this the annals of the House were quite uneventful, but in the time of Frederick Augustus, the fifth Earl, incidents occurred which gave rise to one of the most memorable peerage cases of modern times.

The Earl bore his ancestral honours somewhat lightly. He was what was euphemistically termed in the days of King George III. a "man of pleasure"; and in the year 1785 he came in contact with a beautiful girl of eighteen, named Mary Cole. She was the daughter of a man in very humble circumstances, and had occupied the position of lady's-maid to a Mrs. Foote; but when Lord Berkeley first met her, she was living at Gloucester with an elder sister, a woman of not altogether reputable character, who passed in the town by the name of Miss Tudor. The Earl was in the habit of frequenting Miss Tudor's house, and as soon as he met her sister there, was completely fascinated by the young girl's charms. The end of it was that Mary Cole became his mistress, and, under the same assumed name as her sister, lived with him at Berkeley Castle. In this case, familiarity did not breed

greater part of them, to the eldest of his sons, William Fitzhardinge Berkeley, at this time a young man of four-and-twenty, who had always assumed the courtesy-title of Viscount Dursley. But it was a matter of notoriety that down to 1796 Lady Berkeley had passed as the late Earl's mistress, and if this had been her real status it was obvious that the eldest of the sons born after that date, Thomas Moreton Berkeley, a youth in his fifteenth year, was the rightful heir to the peerage. The so-called Viscount Dursley, however, petitioned the House of Lords, claiming to be entitled to succeed his late father in his honours and dignities. The matter was referred by the House to its Committee of Privileges, and as the eldest son after the marriage of 1796 was a minor, the Law Officers of the Crown were appointed to act on his behalf.

The claim of Mr. William Berkeley was supported by an allegation that although the public solemnisation of the marriage of the late Earl with Mary Cole took place in 1796, yet there had been a concealed marriage eleven years earlier, in 1785. The claimant averred that his father had found Mary Cole unapproachable except on terms of honourable wedlock; and that, being naturally unwilling to let it be known that he had married a servant girl, he had kept the ceremony strictly a secret.

In support of this statement there was produced an entry in the parish register of Berkeley, which it was said Lord Berkeley had, in order to keep the matter private, detached from the rest of the register and pasted down in another part of the book, so that it might be producible when required. The clergyman said to have officiated at this secret marriage, a Mr. Hupsman, was dead; and beside his name and those of the parties themselves, no signatures appeared to the register except those of W. Tudor, brother to the lady—who, like his sisters, had assumed that cognomen in place of his paternal name of Cole—and the mark of one Barnes, who could not be found. Besides this register, the date of which was the 30th of March, 1785, there was produced a register of the publication of banns between the parties in November and December, 1784, also signed by Mr. Hupsman.

The documentary proof of the marriage, if only it were authentic, seemed to be complete enough. It was backed by the parole evidence of Lady Berkeley, who in her forty-fourth year preserved much of the remarkable beauty that had gained her a coronet. She attended before the Committee of Privileges and swore that the name of Mary Cole attached to the register was in her handwriting. Her brother, William Cole, made a like declaration, and both swore that their signatures were attached at the time when the marriage was solemnised. Unfortunately, there was a mass of evidence on the other side which went to prove that the alleged publication of banns in 1784 and marriage in 1785 could not possibly have taken place. It was shown that Lord Berkeley had, in his own handwriting, minuted the form in which the baptism of his children should be registered. Before 1796 they were uniformly described as the "illegitimate" children of the Earl of Berkeley and Mary Cole. Further, it was established that his lordship, when he obtained the licence for the marriage of 1796, swore himself to be a bachelor, and in the affidavit Mary Cole was denominated a spinster. In the minute for the baptism

of the eldest child born *after* this marriage, Lord Berkeley in his own handwriting described him as Lord Dursley, son of the Earl and Countess of Berkeley. The life of her ladyship was traced from the death of her father through various services to one which she did not quit till the end of December, 1784, and evidence was adduced to show that she was not acquainted with his lordship till late in 1785. The name of Augustus Thomas Hupsman, signed to the register of the marriage, was declared to be unlike his handwriting; and the rest of the registry was proved to be in the hand of Lord Berkeley. Witnesses also attested that William Tudor did not go



FIFTH EARL OF BERKELEY

by that name in March, 1785, but assumed it after that period. The attestations of persons intimate with the Berkeley family that Miss Tudor or Cole, prior to the marriage in 1796, was never considered as Lady Berkeley, were numerous; and some of the wit-

nesses testified to having heard from the Earl, and even from the Countess, disavowals of their being married previous to that date. A clergyman repeated an interesting narrative, related to him by Lady Berkeley herself, of the circumstances under which she became the Earl's mistress. Another important witness was the Marquess (afterwards



THE HON. F. HENRY F. BERKELEY, M.P. FOR  
BRISTOL, 1837

Duke) of Buckingham, who stated that he had been one of Lord Berkeley's most intimate friends, and that his Lordship had often spoken to him of the fact that the mother of his children was not his wife. Lord Berkeley had frequently pressed him to accept the trust of guardian of these children, and he had always declined on the ground of their illegitimacy. Lord Berkeley had also observed to him that after his death the castle and estates would probably be severed from the title, and would not go to his brother, Admiral Berkeley: and he had suggested, as a means of avoiding this separation, that his illegitimate daughter should marry the Admiral's son, in which case he would settle the castle and a portion of the estates on the issue of the marriage. Lord Bucking-

ham said he was actually empowered to make this proposal to the Admiral, and that the plan only came to nothing because of the early death of the young lady.

In the teeth of this mass of evidence, all pointing in one direction, the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords were unable to accept the documentary proofs put in by the claimant or the testimony of Lady Berkeley, and unanimously reported that William Fitzhardinge Berkeley had *not* made good his claim to the titles and dignities of Earl of Berkeley. The effect of this decision, of course, was that Thomas Moreton Berkeley, the eldest son of the marriage of 1796, succeeded *de jure* to the Earldom. The youth had himself taken no part in resisting the claim of his elder illegitimate brother, and he showed a high-minded regard for the honour and reputation of his mother by declining to assume the title. He never married, and as his two younger brothers pre-deceased him without leaving issue, the Earldom devolved after his death on Mr. Randal Mowbray Berkeley, a direct descendant of the fourth Earl, the predecessor of the nobleman whose gallantries had been the origin of the whole scandal. This gentleman also, from a chivalrous regard for the fair fame of the fifth Earl and his wife, or from some other motive, never bore the title or took his seat in the House of Lords.

On his death in 1888, however, his son claimed to be recognised as the eighth Earl. And now an attempt was made to reverse the decision of the House of Lords in 1811. The unsuccessful claimant on that occasion had, as we have said, succeeded to Berkeley Castle and the greatest part of the estates. He was created, in 1831, Baron Seagrave, and in 1841, Earl Fitzhardinge. Dying unmarried, in 1857, he was succeeded in the estates by his next brother, Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley, who was a man of ability, energy and public spirit, and in 1861 he was called to the Upper House as Baron Fitzhardinge. He died in 1867, and in 1888 his eldest son and successor, being naturally desirous to reunite the possession of the ancient seat of the Berkeleys with their former title, came

forward to claim the Earldom. It was contended on his behalf that fresh evidence had been found in support of the alleged marriage of his grandfather in 1785; but of this evidence the most material portion—a statement written by King George IV. in 1812, when Prince Regent, and embodying his recollections of allegations made to him by Lord Berkeley, who had been one of his intimates—was declared by the Committee of Privileges to be inadmissible. Nor is there any reason to suppose that if it had been admitted, it would have sufficed to overturn the previous decision,

arrived at after a prolonged investigation by a Committee, of which Lord Eldon, perhaps the most acute and experienced lawyer of his day, was the head. In July, 1891, the Committee of Privileges pronounced its finding that Randal Mowbray Thomas Berkeley had made good his claim to the title and dignity of Earl of Berkeley. So, to all appearance, the Earldom and the historic seat and family possessions have been finally separated; and though the descendant of beautiful Mary Cole is a hereditary legislator, he does not enjoy the title which she herself won and wore.

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### *"MY MEMORY IS TIRED"*

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Do you remember in the August weather  
 The pines' low echo of the singing tide,  
 When all the hills were flushed with crimson heather  
 That breathed warm sweetness to each air that sighed?  
 Somewhere, O heart, still sounds that murmurous hymn  
 Through long arcades of pinewoods cool and dim.

Do you remember how the shadows drifted  
 Across the shining acres of the wheat?  
 And how the golden ears, now bent, now lifted,  
 Under the passing of the west wind's feet?  
 Somewhere, O heart, the ripe fields whisper yet  
 Of ways where Peace and Plenteousness are met.

Do you remember how the sunset glory  
 Made of the ripples laughing at our feet,  
 A path to those Fair Isles of ancient story  
 That lie, cloud-veiled, where sky and ocean meet?  
 Somewhere, O heart, those waves still kiss the sand  
 And white-winged boats set sail for Faëryland.

Do you remember in those days departed  
 Any fore-knowledge of life's storm and stress?  
 Were journeys long? or pilgrims weary-hearted?  
 Did not earth's joy outweigh its bitterness?  
 Somewhere, O heart, comes night with healing dew  
 And restful hours that shall make all things new.

M. E. MARTYN.



# Parallel Diaries

WRITTEN BY A. P. ILLUSTRATED BY N. ERICHSEN

*Extract from the Diary of Mrs. Graham Pearce, 103, Lipham Villas, Hornsey*

I CONFESS to a disappointment for which I know I have only myself to blame. One has no business to build hopes, not to speak of incurring expenses, on the strength (?) of an uncertainty. And yet I can't help feeling that my hopes were not quite unreasonable. Every Christmas since our marriage that cheque for twenty

pounds had come from Uncle Sam with the regularity of Christmas itself. We fully appreciated his generosity, and, I hope, always fully expressed our appreciation, although, under our then existing circumstances, we regarded the cheque more as a splendid Christmas card than anything else. We didn't value the money (how funny that sounds now!),

but we did value the proof of the dear old man's remembrance and good-will. Graham always spent it on some trinket or other that might have taken my fancy.

This year, after the awful crash and the consequent removal to these soul-blighting quarters, I must say that I had looked forward to the "Christmas card" with very different feelings; indeed, I had looked upon it, in anticipation, much as the shipwrecked man might look upon an approaching sail, for we have been in terribly rough waters. And when I saw the well-known writing on the envelope this morning, I felt, again, as that man must feel when he first sets foot on the saving deck.

But when I opened the letter—well, if I hadn't caught sight of Graham's face at that moment I should certainly have broken down. I know I should. The letter contained a five-pound note.

I feel unutterably base in thinking so much as one ungrateful thought, for we have done nothing to deserve six-



"IF I HAD FORESEEN THIS POSSIBILITY"

pence at his generous hands, and it is so easy to give nothing at all—at least, I used to think so in the old days, though I find it rather difficult now, oddly enough.

But O, if only I had foreseen this possibility! And I *ought* to have foreseen it, for I have heard Uncle Sam often enough discourse on his principles and views with regard to a just proportion between all such things as gifts, donations, charities, &c., and the means of the recipients thereof; and Graham always said that those were the views held by all rich people, only—I'm so stupid—I never could work out the theory in my mind quite logically, somehow. Wish I had remembered it some weeks ago, whether I understood it or not! As it is I feel as though I had personally wronged my poor Graham, for it was I who urged him, on the

strength of the coming cheque, to spend money on things which were not, after all, strictly necessary. We might easily have left the re-papering of the nursery, for instance, and covered those places destroyed by the pipe-bursting with coloured prints or something; and I could have made the children's cloaks do for another winter. Also we needn't have had the turkey to-day.

However, I'm not going to spend Christmas in whimpering. It's no good—worse than no good. It would be hateful of me. I shall see that Graham writes the most grateful letter that was ever posted (unless he's doing it now; he has been shut up in the dining-room for the last hour), and I must think of some way of making good my recent extravagances. Perhaps I shall have an inspiration—I want one so badly!

*Extract from the Diary of Mr. John Benting, The Grey Towers, near Epsom •*

Nice goin's on. Don't know when I've witnessed sech doin's, even since Mr. Frank in'erited and come 'ere, and I've seen some 'igh-jinking, too, in that short time—not a twelvemonth.

Well, my dinner was ordered and ready for eight o'clock sharp, and the master 'e never come in with 'is company till five minutes to; so there was a nice quiet little time hupstairs, you may be sure, with the ten of 'em a-fightin' into their things, and a-shoutin' tomfooleries acrost the passages to one another, and the doors all standin' open, and heverythin' on the floors, so James tells me, and the young master at the 'ead of it, as usual.

It was a long dinner for ten, and their spirits was that hup before the second ongtry that I fairly dreaded the dessert, and not without reason, as I 'ave to tell. Champagne? Well, 'e might as well 'ave ordered in a barrel and saved us hall that uncorkin'. And they hups and stands on the chairs, and toasts goodness 'e knows who, and laughs fit to die, which you could 'ave 'eard it 'alf way up to the Lodge, I'll lay a month's wages;

and Mr. Frank a-gettin' the colour of this 'ere bit o' blottin' paper, and carin' no more what he says, or looks, or drinks than a hunborn lamb.

But it was at dessert, as I says, that the climax of the crisis is reached to. Mr. Frank 'e 'ad found 'is letters awaitin' for 'im on the 'all table when 'e come in, and 'e hopened 'em as 'e dressed 'isself—accordin' to James—and put 'em all any'ows in 'is dress-pocket as 'e come down the stairs. Well, the dessert 'adn't been on the table not above a minute and a-'alf when they lights hup—cigars and cigarettes as I shouldn't just beg to 'ave the bill for 'em.

"'Ere," says the master, "that's you hall over, Charlie"—addressin' the Honourable Charles Standing 'e was—"collar all the matches and 'old on to 'em," 'e says.

"Don't make a fuss, dear boy; 'ere you are," says the Honourable, and tips the two lots o' wax matches into Mr. Bethune's port, what was next to him, and 'ands it hup.

"Thanks," says Mr. Frank again, a-shakin' with laughter 'e was at the time like all the rest of 'em, and takes a 'andful o' letters out of 'is pocket and

\* We have ventured to print this extract in Mr. Benting's own dialect.—Ed.

pulls a candle to'rds 'isself. "See this?" he goes on, a-pickin' out a bit o' paper from the rest, "this is a token from the hinestimable. Who's that? Who but

out, "'Old on! If you don't 'appen to want that piece o' coke, old chap, I'll take it hover and——"

"'Ullo!" cries the master in 'is turn,



"'ERE GOES FOR A SOLID SPILL"

my hown beloved Uncle Samuel! In my porer days 'e sent me a fiver every blessed Christmas as ever was. And now—now 'e remembers me still in my haffluence"—and 'ere Mr. Frank 'e makes believe to be some actor chap, and strikes his shirt front and makes a sobbin' noise as good as real—"Now," he says, "when I'm living in a Noocastle coal-mine 'e sends me—'eaven bless 'im—a piece o' coke. But we'll light our cigars, boys—" and 'ere 'e 'olds up the bank-note so as hall may see it—"we'll light our cigars with the dearest match that was hever struck! Don't you mind about fishin' out them vestas, Charlie my darlin'; 'ere goes for a solid spill!"

But the Captin' on 'is right, 'e calls

"d——d if it ain't a fifty-pound note! Good old Uncle Sam! Well, five or fifty—what's the hodd's? Nought!" And with that 'e takes and twists hup that there fifty-pound note of England as sure as my name is John Benting! and before the groan was off my chest, there it was a blazin' away like so much noos-paper, and the nine of 'em all crowdin' round to light up at it, and shouting with laughter enough to wake the dead.

I watched it burn down in 'is fingers—couldn't take my eyes off it—and when it was gone, says I to misself, "And you go too, John my friend, this day month. The Grey Towers ain't no place for you nowadays." And to that I sticks.

# Big Bells and their Making

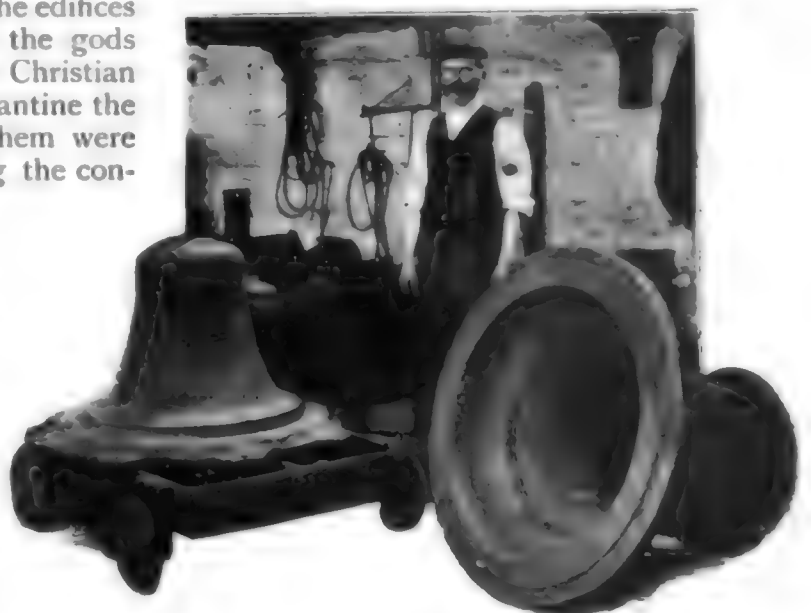
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Ring out the false, ring in the true;  
Ring out the grief that saps the mind.

FROM the very earliest periods of history humanity has had recourse to bells for a variety of purposes. In more remote antiquity hand-bells were used by the Egyptians in their religious festivals in honour of Isis. Aaron and his successors in the high-priesthood of Israel had little golden bells attached to their robes, whilst the Greeks were directed in camp and garrison by the ringing of bells, and a bell announced to the Romans their hours of bathing. But all these were hand-bells or crotals—those little round bells with two pieces of loose metal inside which are now chiefly used upon horses' harness—and the date at which big bells were hung in churches is a matter of great uncertainty. It is known that Augustus Cæsar placed bells—*tintinnabula*—round the top of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and it is generally supposed that when the edifices once used for the worship of the gods passed into the hands of the Christian Church in the reign of Constantine the Great, the bells hanging in them were used for the purpose of calling the congregations together and announcing the hours of service. Italy was undoubtedly the first country in which bells were used, and Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, is said to have brought one from thence for the use of his English church in A.D. 680. They had been in use in France a hundred years before.

Superstition gave church bells the imaginary powers which it gave to so many

inanimate objects during the early and Middle Ages, and so closely were they associated with the ancient ritual of the Church that they acquired a sacred character in the eyes of laymen and priests alike. Their consecration was a solemn baptismal service in which they were given names, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and covered with a white garment, in the presence of their sponsors, like infants. This custom dated from the time of Charlemagne, and is still practised in Roman Catholic countries, and can be easily understood, as the bells were believed to possess the power of dispersing storms and pestilence, of driving away enemies, and of extinguishing fires. At old St. Paul's, "ringing the hallowed belle in great tempestes or lightnings" was an invariable practice.



THE CORE

MOULDS FOR A BELL.

THE COPR

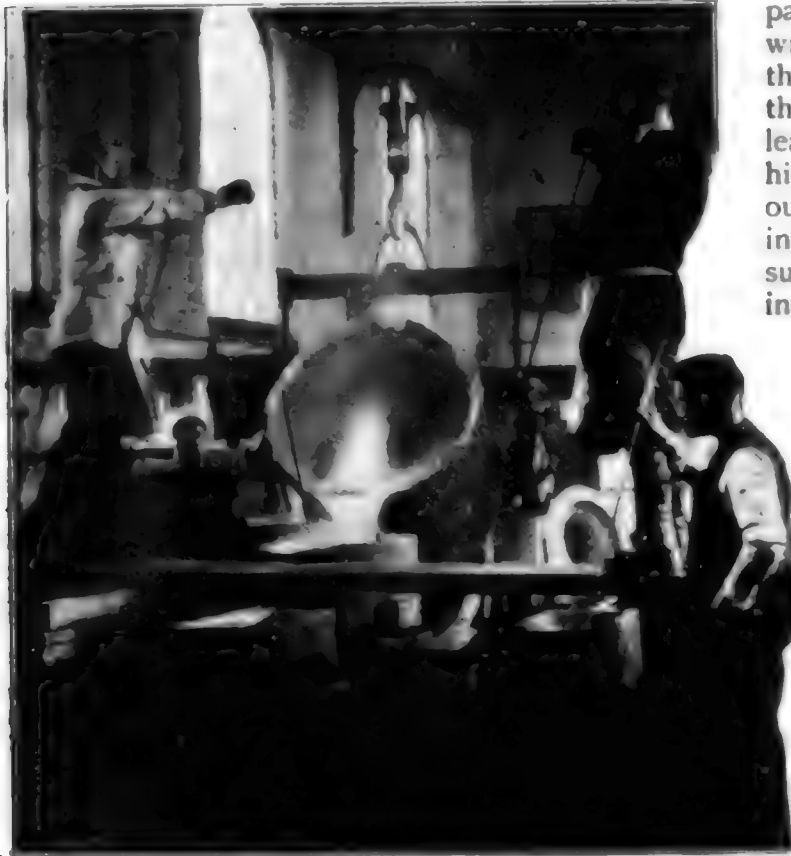
As time went on the making of bells naturally improved, but the component parts of copper and tin have invariably been used, although the ratio of one metal to the other has altered, the usual amount for ages being two parts of copper to one of tin. There are many stories told, especially in country places, of silver bowls and dishes being thrown by the devout and enthusiastic into the

seventeenth century, save that steam and invention have entirely altered the old laboriousness of the various processes and brought about many important modifications in details.

First the shape of the bell is made. This consists of two parts—one known as the core and the other as the cope. The former is made of brickwork covered with soft loam clay, over which a curved

compass called a crook is passed. This compass is cut with all the indentations of the bell, and as it passes over the surface of the clay it leaves the requisite shape behind it, thus moulding the outside of the core to the intended form of the inner surface of the bell, and the inside of the cope to the

form of the outer surface of the bell. When this operation—which requires some care, although the compass is firmly centred and fastened upon a pillar—is completed, the two moulds are baked in a steam oven, the cope or outer mould being in a metal case pierced with holes to permit the gases generated by the casting of the metal to escape. In the meantime, a mass of copper has been melting in a furnace which is securely



METAL BEING POURED INTO MOULDS FROM LADLE

melting-pot when the bells for village churches were being cast, and of certain steeples that contain peals almost wholly made of silver. But these stories must be received for the very little they are worth, since silver is always injurious to the tone of any bell, and bell-makers in the old days, as now, were too conscientious craftsmen to allow misplaced generosity to effect their handiwork. A modern bell factory follows much the same methods as those followed in the pre-Reformation days in the foundries at Bury St. Edmunds, York and Leicester, and by Miles Graye of Colchester, in the

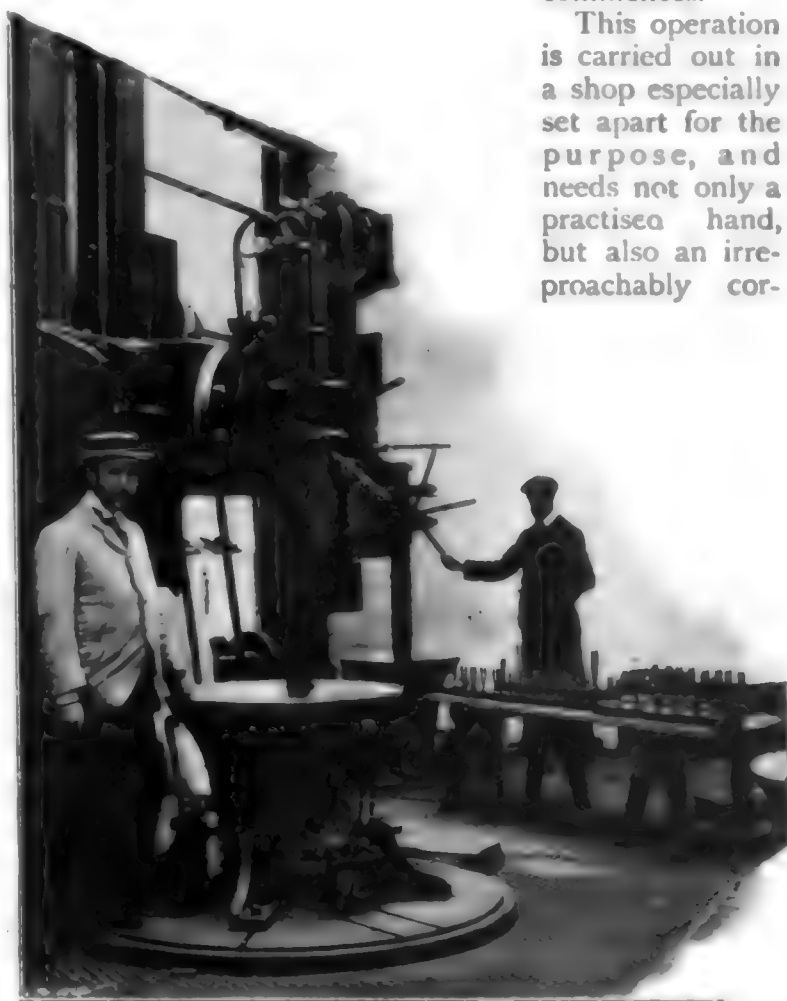
bricked up, and when the two moulds are properly baked and have grown cold, they are placed one inside the other and are brought near the furnace and almost buried in the loam that forms the floor of the casting-shop, looking like great clumsy and ill-finished bells forgotten amongst ruins. Upon the top of each mould is a box filled with loam, but with a hole in the bottom directly over a hole in the top of the mould. When the brickwork in front of the furnace is pulled down, behind it lies a fretting rippling sea of glowing molten metal. Into this ingots of tin and pieces of old broken bells are



thrown, the liquid copper splashing like water as the fresh metal falls into it. As tin melts at a lower temperature than copper, and as there are thirteen parts of the former to four of the latter in modern bells, the copper is always placed first in the furnace, powdered charcoal being thrown on its surface when the bricks at the opening are taken down—as they are at intervals to see the condition of the metal—to prevent oxidisation. After many trials the liquid metal is pronounced to be ready; a row of moulds stand upon either side of the furnace, each with its little box on the top, and by means of a travelling crane an immense ladle hung upon chains, and lined with sand to prevent the metal burning its sides, is swung in front of the wall behind which the melted copper and tin is bubbling and almost boiling. The bricks and plastering clay are broken down with crowbars, and the red-gold liquid rushes down a long spout into the waiting ladle, sending waves of heat across the shop and showers of sparks into the air. In a few minutes the furnace is empty, and the crane moving slowly along its supports, the ladle is swung before one of the moulds and is tipped up by means of two long handles that project from either side, the distance from its lip to the hole in the mould being most accurately gauged. The molten stream of copper and tin runs down between the two moulds, which, as pointed out above, are placed one within the other, and as it fills up the space between the core and the cope, little jets of steam rise from a pipe in the ground that communicates with the centre of the mould, and not

only brings about the quicker cooling of the bell, but also aids the escape of various gases generated by the fusion of these two metals. The time for cooling naturally depends upon the size and thickness of the bell, but a day is usually found sufficient for the purpose, and then the difficult and delicate work of tuning commences.

This operation is carried out in a shop especially set apart for the purpose, and needs not only a practised hand, but also an irreproachably cor-



TUNING SHOP

rect musical ear. The note of the tenor bell sets the key of the whole peal, it being the lowest of them all, and each bell is tuned from the tenor, being a note higher than the one before it; and whilst each bell is perfectly in tune with the others, it is also in tune with itself, that is to say with its place in the peal. Tuning-forks and a lathe, as shown in our photograph, are the tools used for tuning bells. The tuning-forks stand upon hollow wooden boxes, each fork representing the vibrations per second of bells of



OLD BELLS AND NEW

certain sizes and weight; and if the vibrations of a bell when cast and tested do not correspond exactly with those of its particular fork, the bell is not in tune. It is then stood upon its end beneath a specially constructed lathe which removes thin filings from the interior until the vibrations of bell and fork are in strict accordance. Needless to say, this operation is a most tedious one, as the least fault in one bell ruins a whole peal. Little afterwards remains to be done save sand-blasting, this process thoroughly cleansing the bell inside and out, and when a peal is completed

it is filed upon an iron stand ready for placing in the belfry for which it is destined. Old bells were made with a sort of crown upon their tops, to which the wooden bar that swung them was clamped, but now five holes are bored, and through four of these the bar is actually riveted to the bell, the clapper being fixed in the fifth. A large wheel is firmly fixed to the bar, and over this the rope pulled by the ringer is passed, the bell swaying upwards as the rope is pulled down, the farther side catching the clapper as it rises.

This process of bell-making was seen at Messrs. John Taylor and Co.'s factory at Loughborough, the makers of "Great Paul," which now hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral, and is the largest bell in the United Kingdom, being seventeen and a-half tons in weight, as well as the peal at the Imperial Institute, amongst countless others. Not only was the making of this great bell a matter of much care and fore-



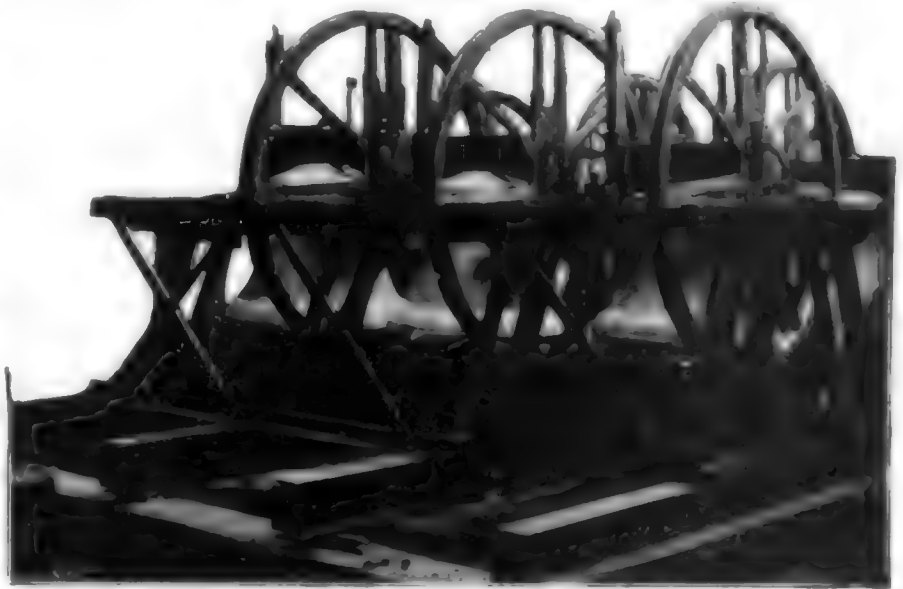
RINGS FROM OLD BELLS

thought, but its raising into its present position was also fraught with many difficulties. After much consideration on the part of the authorities and of Messrs. Taylor, the officials at Woolwich Arsenal were approached, and with the help of the ropes and winches used for lifting big guns, "Great Paul" was at length securely placed.

It frequently happens that when a parish orders a new set of bells it is found possible to amalgamate the metal of the old peal with that of the new. The majority of the old bells have carved rings bearing all manner of inscriptions, chiefly those of their donors, or those of the saints to whom they were dedicated, as "Sancta Anna ora pro nobis," which was found

on an old bell at Cheveley, near Newmarket, and of such rings Messrs. Taylor have an interesting collection. As our photograph shows, the inscriptions witness with what reverence bells were formerly regarded and the elaborate skill that was lavished upon their workmanship. Whether bells are rung by hand or by machinery, the framework in which they are placed in bell-towers or belfries is practically the same, wheels always moving the stout bars upon which they

are riveted. Even in these later times so great a sentiment attaches to bells and bell-ringing that the art of their making is as keenly and as carefully followed as in the old days when the bell-maker called in the blessing of the priest for every process; but the perfection to which tuning has been brought by means of the vibratory forks gives



A PEAL OF BELLS READY FOR THE BELFRY

the modern manufacturer a control over the tone of one bell in comparison with those of as many others as may comprise the peal, such as was never possessed by his predecessors. We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. J. W. Taylor and Co. for the information contained in this article, as well as for the facilities they gave for the taking of the accompanying photographs by Mr. H. H. Ettrick, of 6, Kensington Studios, Kensington, W.

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RED leaves upon the garden bed  
Where lately August flowers were red;  
A paler light has thinned the sky  
Since last my love came singing by.

Dead song of hers; dead leaves; dead flowers—  
I scarcely know what life was ours;  
What path we trod; what words we said;  
My world is grown so dead—so dead.—W. MUDFORD.

# The Fashions of the Month

## NEW FUR WRAPS AND JACKETS

**I**T is predicted that for the winter the furs most in vogue will be chinchilla, sable, marten sable in the dark shades, sealskin, astrakhan, and that peculiar variety of astrakhan called *breitschwanz* (still-born lamb), an ex-

quisitely soft skin like moiré velvet, which is specially adapted for the blouses and jackets, which will be really the novelties of the season. The long cloaks incline rather to the redingote shape, although they are straight in front.

In fur-lined garments the upper part of the bodice alone is lined with fur; again, the cloak is merely trimmed

with fur, and again the fur lines it entirely. Green, heliotrope, or dark red cloth or velvet, developed in long cloaks and lined or trimmed with fur, specially obtain for women who are tall and slender. Beautiful collars, yokes and neck pieces of various shapes are developed in fur, to be worn over a cloth coat or dress, and accompanied by a muff of, and a toque decorated with, the same fur.

The newest designs in the small fur pieces all show how well lace and velvet, the tails and heads of the animals themselves, or even artificial flowers, may be made to add to their beauty. The economical woman displays wisdom in buying her collar or yoke, and then adding to it the bit of real lace which she has saved for some such purpose. Fine astrakhan is used

for a high, flaring collar, as shown in illustration No. 1, which has a full inside collar and long plaited jabot of creamy-white lace. The muff harmonises with it, and the bonnet might be of white velvet piped with astrakhan, and having high black plumes at one side.

A yoke of brown marten that extends almost to the waist-line, as shown in illustration No. 2, is surmounted with a frilled collar edged with chinchilla. Where the yoke hooks on the corsage is the marten's head and a bunch of tails.

The very stylish collar of brown marten which is shown in illustration No. 3 is a simple band of fur fastening under a bunch of marten's tails, joined in front with the head of the animal. A rather chic air is gained by a high frilled collar of the fur with an inside collar of coffee-coloured lace, that flares out at the back where the fur is split.

In chinchilla a very large yoke is shown in illustration No. 4, having a high Medici collar alternating with brown marten fur, in what is known as the "split fashion." When such a yoke is to be worn, especially with a handsome velvet costume, sections of velvet will be used in place of the fur. A fringe of sable tails is the edge finish.

Jackets of astrakhan and seal—indeed, of any of the fashionable furs—



NO. 1



NO. 3



NO. 2



NO. 4

## WE ARE MORE CAREFUL

about the outside of the body than the inside, and yet what is the use of good clothing when the owner is too ill to wear it?



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builds up the body by means of strengthening, sustaining, stimulating nourishment, which fortifies the system against prevalent ailments.

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continue in vogue, but they have by no means superseded the easily-assumed cape. The frilled collar, the wide cape sleeves, everything that can be thought



NO. 5

of to give a new air to the jacket, is greeted with delight. The blouse jaquette, with its short basque skirt, is especially liked. The particularly rich coat of this style, in illustration No. 5, is made of the beautiful fur called by the almost unpronounceable name *breitschwants*. It shows the blouse

effect with the short, round basque skirt, sleeves full on the shoulders, shaping in to fit the arms easily, and a high flaring collar. Down the front of the blouse a decoration is achieved by a box-plait of the fur.

Another coat, in illustration No. 6, is simpler, being fitted in the back and



NO. 6

having a sacque-like front. It is of astrakhan, and shows the extremely wide cape sleeves, which, it is predicted, will be popular. The collar is a simple flaring one.

Muffs are large and small. They are almost invariably fancy, often trimmed to harmonise with bonnet, yoke or cape, while bunches of natural tails and natural heads are noted upon them. A novelty in muffs is shown in illustration No. 7. It is of black astrakhan, and is a bag as well as a muff, the upper part being in the shape of a crescent and mounted on a fine steel frame which closes the bag. Ribbon rosettes decorate it.

MUFF—NO. 7  
CAPE—NO. 10

Another muff, in illustration No. 8, is made of rich brown marten, the piece of fur being so fine that it could easily be mistaken for Russian sable; it is decorated on the top with both the head and tail of the animal.

The fashionable cape often shows one fur trimmed with another, although capes are also made of velvet or satin and elaborately trimmed with fur, but an effect of fulness, even in the arrangement of the fur, always predominates in the cape trimming. The short cape in illustration No. 9 is made of sealskin, having its lower edge cut out in curves, and bordered with chinchilla in such a way that a frilled

MUFF—NO. 8  
"STOLE"—NO. 14

effect is given it. The collar shows deep curves in harmony, and the cape is lined throughout with the chinchilla fur.

# "Sanitas"

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"ALFRED HAVILAND, M.R.C.S., &c."

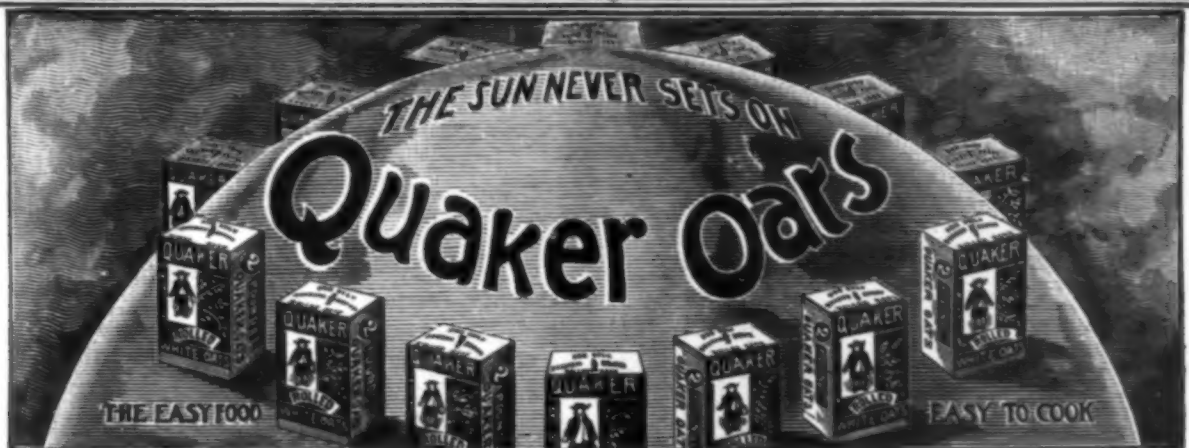
"The list of 'Sanitas' preparations is now so great as to comprise a complete antiseptic and disinfectant armamentarium. The composition of most of these is based on 'Sanitas,' a deservedly popular, pleasant, and moreover active compound."

—*Lancet*, August 24th, 1895, p. 501.

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The simpler cape in illustration No. 10, and one that is intended as a complement to a cloth costume, is of plain



NO. 9



NO. 11

astrakhan, and gains its chic air by its peculiarity of cut.

Sealskin makes a short, straight-edged cape, as shown in illustration No. 11, that looks particularly rich and stylish because, of its extremely large revers and the short collar of brown marten.

The sable cape in illustration No. 12 is quite deep, has



NO. 12



NO. 13

a high collar, and is intended for wear in bitter cold weather. The edge is finished with the paws and tails of the

sable. In the garment itself the skins are so arranged that exquisite contrasts in dark and light fur result.

A cape intended for evening wear, and shown in illustration No. 13, is made of white cloth embroidered with pearl beads, and lined and trimmed with white thibet.

The fur garment called a "stole" will obtain this season, especially in mink sable and brown marten. The one shown in illustration No. 14 is of brown marten, and, like all the others, has the yoke part and the ends of the fronts trimmed with natural tails. Worn over a rich velvet coat this fur stole is particularly artistic.



NO. 15



NO. 16

The fur cape in illustration No. 15 has the approval of the best Parisian modistes, is made of heavy blue velvet, embroidered in a very simple design in black silk braid. It is round in front and completed by a broad border of chinchilla, which is cut according to the popular rounded pattern, so that it hangs easy. The collar, which is gored to give the curve effect, is trimmed with chinchilla.

The cape in illustration No. 16 is of black velvet, and has a high collar, lined and trimmed with mink, which extends down each side of the front.

[For Competitions and Special Notice to Readers, see page iv.]